

# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXI

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1930

No. 3406

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

**A**NOTHER TRAGEDY of the air! England's dirigible, the R-101, has met disaster in France with a loss of forty-seven lives—and again the question arises of the utility of lighter-than-air craft. Unconsidered judgment should not, however, be passed upon the value of dirigibles because of this accident. The deplorable tragedy that overtook the R-101 at Beauvais does not prove that airships of this type have no place in the future of aeronautics; it merely proves that much has still to be learned, at least in countries other than Germany, concerning the construction of dirigibles. The fate of the R-101 proves beyond question the need for developing a non-explosive and non-inflammable lifting gas similar to the helium used by the United States Navy. Dirigible travel cannot be made wholly safe, according to Dr. Hugo Eckener, until helium, of which the United States has a virtual monopoly, has been made universally available or until some substitute non-inflammable gas has been developed. This latest disaster has once more shown how far ahead the Germans are in building and navigating rigid air-

ships. Every one of the dirigibles built since the war, with three exceptions, has been destroyed by explosion or structural collapse while in the air. The British-built R-34, ZR-2, Shenandoah, and R-101 and the Italian-built Roma and Italia have all met this fate. The three exceptions are the Los Angeles and the Graf Zeppelin, the only airships built in Germany since the war, and the British R-100.

**E**NGLAND'S LOSS of an airship, however, is of small moment compared with its loss of a number of its leading aeronautical authorities, included among whom were Lord Thomson, Secretary of State for Air, and Sir Sefton Brancker, director of civil aviation. Lord Thomson's death will come as a shock to liberals in England and America. His rise from the position of an obscure retired army officer to the ministry of aviation was rapid. He turned his energies to the Labor Party after serving on the Supreme War Council and watching the creation of the Treaty of Versailles. In 1920 he went to Ireland and not only observed but harshly criticized the activities of the Black and Tans in their attempts to suppress the Irish nationalist movement. Moscow saw him often and he was always eagerly aware of every new phase of the Soviet experiment. He was a member of the Labor Party delegation which went to the Ruhr during the French occupation. Under the first Labor Government he was appointed to the Cabinet and returned to his former post with the return of Premier MacDonald to power in 1929. The Prime Minister was one of his closest friends. "To me," said Mr. MacDonald after hearing of Lord Thomson's death, "no one can now fill his place of genial companionship and friendship."

**S**ECRETARY WILBUR has refused to accept the resignation of Ralph S. Kelley as chief of the field division of the General Land Office at Denver, at the same time demanding that Mr. Kelley file the names of the companies which he charged with seeking to obtain oil-shale lands by fraud. The Secretary also promptly and properly called for an exhaustive investigation of Mr. Kelley's charges, and in answer to his demand the Department of Justice named Assistant Attorney General Seth W. Richardson to carry it on. In response to a request from Mr. Richardson for co-operation, Mr. Kelley declines to give such aid, charging the Assistant Attorney General with prejudice, and expressing the opinion that "members of the President's Cabinet are much too closely bound together to permit impartial investigations of each other." Mr. Kelley has begun the publication of his story in the New York *World* with the evident purpose of forcing a Congressional investigation; and Senator Nye is quoted as expressing the opinion that in view of Mr. Kelley's long service and excellent reputation his charges cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. With a political campaign in full swing it is embarrassing to the party in power, already staggering under a load of difficulties, to have charges of this kind brought forward. In fairness, the public can do nothing else than keep an open mind until the facts are known.

**I**O, THE POOR POWER companies! Crisp County, Georgia, recently built an electric plant in Cordele, the county seat, and started business on August 1 by announcing a rate schedule some 15 per cent lower than that of the Georgia Power Company, which operates throughout the State. The company retorted with a 35 per cent rate cut in Crisp County. Thereupon the Public Service Commission incontinently suggested a similar reduction throughout the State, but the company interposed legal objections, and the matter is now in the courts. Meanwhile the company is publishing full-page advertisements designed to show that the Crisp County undertaking is an economic waste (which of course may be quite true), and that Georgia will be injured if it supports such experiments instead of continuing to enjoy undisturbed the blessings of Georgia Power Company service—at rates, it points out, nearly one-quarter lower than the national average. It fears the effects of the nationwide publicity being given to the “unfair competition” of Crisp County with a “legitimate industry” and, in general, it seems all hot and bothered. It does seem too bad, particularly as the uninstructed public, ignorant of the mysteries of local rate-making, will be likely to forget everything except that a great privately owned power concern faced by the competition of a local public undertaking cut its established rates in the competitive territory by 35 per cent. It is all very trying.

**P**OSTMASTER GENERAL BROWN, politician-in-chief to the Hoover Cabinet, in an order promulgated on January 3 and published in the *Postal Bulletin* of October 3, reminds Presidential postmasters (first, second, and third class) that they “have a right to engage to a reasonable extent in political matters so long as the required time and attention are given to postal duties. Postmasters should, however, bear in mind that a post office must not be used as political headquarters or for partisan political conferences.” The older regulations which are superseded by this order specified that postmasters could not manage political conventions or be chairmen of political committees. Despite departmental denial that the order has a political purpose, there would seem to be justice, accordingly, in Senator Barkley’s charge that it is “a back step with respect to political activities of Presidential postmasters.” Even non-partisan observers, we fear, are too likely to share the Kentucky Senator’s conclusion that the order “must be regarded as both an invitation and a command to them [Presidential postmasters] to take an active part in the campaign this fall.” The struggle to pull the postal service out of the mire of partisan politics has been a long and hard one. Such progress as has been made ought not to be jeopardized by any backward step at the present time.

**T**HE GUBERNATORIAL CONTEST in Pennsylvania, officially between Gifford Pinchot, Republican, and John M. Hemphill, Democrat—or Gifford Pinchot, dry, and John M. Hemphill, wet—is dominated, as are Pennsylvania politics in general, by the struggle between the Mellon and the Vare forces. Mr. Hemphill’s latest adherents are a group of former Republicans who are avowedly fighting the “evasive summer resident” of Pennsylvania, Mr. Pinchot, “whose total business experience consists in the cutting of coupons.” If this means that the Vare crowd is

throwing in its strength with the wet Democrats in order to defeat former Governor Pinchot, it will inevitably tend to bring the Mellons over to the side of the latter. For if he is elected, it will be for a mere two years, which in the intricacies of State politics are hardly more than a day. But the Vare-Mellon fight goes on forever. If Mr. Pinchot is to be merely the tool whereby one set of political rivals defeats another, his own chances of independent leadership, if he is elected, are slim, and his dry program falls by the wayside.

**N**EW YORK CITY has been enjoying a first-class scandal in connection with the alleged sale of judge-ships. Investigation has led thus far to the indictment of a magistrate and three other persons implicated, and the resignation from city office of a Tammany district leader who borrowed \$10,000 without interest from the wife of the magistrate just before the latter received his appointment. The scandal became so great as to lead to the demand that the Governor initiate a wide investigation of the city bench, but he has thus far held himself without power to authorize such a course of action. The special grand jury which indicted Magistrate Ewald and which sought to investigate charges in other cases has been much hampered in its efforts by the refusal of John F. Curry, leader of Tammany Hall, and several district leaders to waive immunity in testifying before the jury—a move which led to much political maneuvering in Albany and New York, and which raises once more in acute form the whole difficult question of constitutional protection against self-incrimination. Meanwhile the Appellate Division has ordered an inquiry into charges of corruption in the minor courts, and the bank accounts and private financial records of every city magistrate in Manhattan and the Bronx have been subpoenaed. In addition, a Bronx County grand jury is just starting an investigation. Despite the most strenuous political efforts to prevent it, New York may yet get a glimpse of some of the realities of partisan political rule.

**D**ESPITE THE STATE DEPARTMENT’S superficial complacency with respect to the situation in Cuba, the news from Havana is anything but comforting and the metropolitan journals have thought it necessary to rush war correspondents to the scene in anticipation of a revolution. Murmurs of disaffection in Cuba, traceable to the unexplained murders of labor leaders and recalcitrant editors and to the ruthless suppression of all opposition to the Machado regime, have come up to us for years. Lately these murmurs have taken the form of outspoken predictions of imminent insurrection. Times are hard in Cuba; sugar is selling at one-fifth the normal price; the resultant widespread discontent has encouraged the opposition leaders; inspired by the success of rebellions elsewhere in Latin America, these men apparently are ready to strike. President Machado, having read the signs correctly, has received from his congress the authority to suspend constitutional guarantees throughout the republic until after the elections on November 1. Under the direction of the General Sugar Committee of the Cuban producers, emergency measures are being taken to limit the production and export of sugar, Cuba’s main crop. Meanwhile the State Department in Washington is considering what action it should take in the event of a revolt. Under the Platt Amendment the United States is

obligated to intervene in Cuba when necessary to protect the Cubans in their right to an independent government. It is under no obligation to protect the Machado regime against insurrection, but with American bankers and sugar men supporting Machado and with no other promising government in sight what other course can a befuddled State Department be expected to take?

**R**ESORT TO REVOLUTION as a remedy for real or fancied political evils is again being illustrated in South America, this time in Brazil, where the important states of Rio Grande do Sul, Pernambuco, Parahyba, Santa Catharina, and Minas Geraes have been seized by rebel forces, while in five other states, Paraná, Matto Grosso, Ceará, Piahy, and Rio Grande do Norte, they claim advances not yet confirmed. The imposition of a strict censorship has made it difficult to learn what the federal government is doing, and reports from insurgent sources are subject to question, but there appears to be no reason to doubt that the revolution was carefully planned. The causes of the outbreak are somewhat obscure, but the main incitement seems to have been a rather widespread jealousy of the economic and political influence of the state of São Paulo, and the alleged intrigues of the retiring President of Brazil, Washington Luiz, to insure the election last March of Dr. Julio Prestes of São Paulo, said to be a mere tool through whom Luiz plans to continue his control of the federal government. The revolutionists hope to prevent the inauguration of Dr. Prestes, although it is not clear to what extent the defeated Liberal candidate, Getulio Vargas of Rio Grande do Sul, has general support. With this attack on the presidential political ring go also charges of denial of constitutional rights in a number of states, while the financial and business depression, affecting particularly the coffee trade, of course adds its weight.

**“A**USTRIA EXPECTS Violent Elections,” say the headlines. This not very pleasant expectation is principally due to the sudden intrusion of Prince Ernst Rudiger von Starhemberg, Heimwehr leader, upon the Austrian political scene. After the downfall of Chancellor Johann Schober, Starhemberg and two of his followers were given portfolios in the interim government formed by Vice-Chancellor Karl Vaugoin. The fascists thereupon demanded permanent control of the army and police in event of a Right-wing victory in the November elections. That was enough to alarm the other Right extremist group, the Christian Socialists, but on its heels came a communiqué from Starhemberg announcing the fascists would seek to “capture the Fatherland for our ideas” should the Social Democrats win out at the polls. Later the prince modified to an unimportant extent the suggestion that the fascists would seize power by violent means. It may be doubted that the Christian Socialists will allow this gesture to go by unchallenged; as the strongest political party in Austria they have too much at stake. The Starhemberg maneuvers have also brought the Social Democrats and the moderate pan-German party closer together in their determination to prevent an election victory for either of the Right-wing groups. Moreover, the rest of Europe has more than a passing interest in Starhemberg’s activities, particularly because of his personal relations with Adolf Hitler, the German fascist leader.

**T**HE EARL OF BIRKENHEAD, youngest of the English lord chancellors, belonged by temper and manner to the fast-dwindling class of British aristocrats who know their social place and expect everybody to recognize it. By birth, however, he was a commoner, and his rapid rise through a succession of high offices—he was Solicitor General, Attorney General, Secretary of State for India, and Lord Chancellor, all before he was fifty-three—was due to his extraordinary legal ability and his aggressive and dominating character. It was generally believed that he would have become the leader of the Conservative Party and Prime Minister if he had not, in 1918, accepted the office of Lord Chancellor in the government of Lloyd George, for he was already, as he continued to be, a forcible speaker and a formidable opponent in debate. He was best known in this country, as he certainly was in Ireland, as the Frederick E. Smith, familiarly referred to as “F. E.,” who as Attorney General conducted the prosecution of Roger Casement for treason following the attempt to land arms in Ireland for use in the famous Easter rising in 1916. It was not in him to show mercy, and the pleas for clemency for the Irish patriot voiced in the *Manchester Guardian* and elsewhere met with no sympathy from him.

**T**HE REVEREND W. G. VOLIVA, Zionist leader, of Zion City, Illinois, is a man after our own heart. He has just embarked on a round-the-world cruise, yet he offers \$5,000 to any man who can prove to him that the earth is not flat. In other words, he is about to make personally the most compelling test that adherents of the round-earth theory have for proving their case—that the earth can be circumnavigated—yet he refuses to believe the evidence of his own eyes, ears, and nose. We are like that, too. We do not, for example, believe that houses can be moved bodily and intact. It is true that more than once we have seen a building propped up on rollers being inched along at considerably less than a snail’s pace from one site to another. Nevertheless, our conviction is that houses cannot be moved, that if they are moved they will fall down, and that anybody who believes otherwise is plain stupid. We have listened many times to the click of the telegraph instrument; it is said to be transmitting, by a series of long and short clicks at irregular intervals, messages from one part of the earth to another. We have never quite been able to convince ourselves that the clicks meant anything intelligible to anybody, although we know that many great men started as telegraph operators and that is why they are head of the firm today. So with many other matters. The evidence of the senses is not enough. And in a world where no two persons see or hear quite the same thing, perhaps this is just as well.

**H**EWYOOD BROUN’S CAMPAIGN for Congress has enlisted generous support from his many friends in the fields of journalism and literature. In view of the great pressure on his time during the weeks between now and November 4, four well-known dramatic writers and critics have arranged, as a contribution to his candidacy, to supply his weekly dramatic article to *The Nation*. Robert Benchley writes the first of these articles, which appears next week, to be followed by articles by Marc Connelly, Newman Levy, and John Mason Brown. We take this occasion to express our appreciation to these “guest conductors.”

# Mr. Hoover in the Campaign

IN announcing Mr. Hoover's impending departure from Washington to attend the opening game of the World's Series at Philadelphia and address the American Bankers' Association at Cleveland, newspaper correspondents at the capital took pains to say that no political significance attached to the Cleveland speech or to the speeches to be made later at Boston and King's Mountain. Mr. Hoover, it was declared, did not intend to mix in the Congressional campaign, and his sole purpose in making four public addresses in close succession was, as one correspondent put it, "to outline some major problems of his Administration." Exactly how he could discuss such problems without saying something that would be interpreted as an expression of opinion about issues or candidates was not clear, for the campaign is on, Mr. Hoover is President of the United States, and what he says is assured in advance of wide reading and careful scrutiny; but the public was evidently invited to expect a wholly non-partisan discussion of matters to which, in Mr. Hoover's view, its attention should be called.

Mr. Hoover must certainly know very well that whether he speaks or remains silent, whether he goes afieid or bides at home, he cannot possibly take himself out of a campaign in which the entire membership of the House of Representatives and one-third of the members of the Senate are to be elected. To be sure, he let it be known, even before he took the oath of office as President, that he expected Congress to attend to the business of legislation without executive interference, but the theory fell by the way-side when, after months of profitless wrangling in Congress, he intervened to remove objectionable features from a farm-relief bill and demanded a tariff board after his own heart, and his influence was later brought to bear upon the Senate to insure the ratification of the London naval treaty. Now, with a Congressional campaign in full swing, he may indeed avoid expressing his preference for this or that candidate, but assuredly he needs no one to tell him that, personal or local considerations aside, Republican success or failure in November will depend primarily upon what the country thinks of him and his policy.

Until he met the bankers at Cleveland Mr. Hoover had been for some weeks conspicuously out of the news, his last notable appearance coming at the time when he was exerting himself to relieve the drought-stricken areas by covering them with a network of committees. In the interval the emergence of dominant political controversies has gone on apace, but without any word from him. Not since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment has the revolt against prohibition appeared to be so widespread or the demand for a return to State control of the liquor business more insistent, but nothing has come from the White House or Rapidan to indicate that Mr. Hoover has any doubts about the nobility of the great experiment, or any interest in checking the violations of constitutional right which characterize federal enforcement. No marked concern has been shown at Washington over the rapid growth of retaliation abroad against the Smoot-Hawley tariff, and while it is not to be supposed that every rate in that schedule of abominations commends

itself to Mr. Hoover, he still remains, as far as the public knows, a staunch supporter of the doctrine of high and higher protection which has earned enmity for the United States in every quarter of the globe.

The same policy of silence has attended the demonstrated fiasco of farm relief. Mr. Hoover has said a good deal about the plight of the farmers both before and since he became President, and we have no doubt that he is deeply chagrined at the breakdown of the much-touted scheme which was to lift agriculture out of the dumps and make it as efficient and prosperous as manufacturing or railroading. It is difficult to understand, however, why Mr. Hoover, even if he himself had no wise counsel to impart, should have allowed his Secretary of Agriculture to pounce upon a short sale by Russia of a few million bushels of wheat in the Chicago market as a terrifying example of what dumping might do, when the Federal Farm Board is believed to be holding some 70,000,000 bushels of wheat and a million or more bales of cotton to be discharged upon the market if, as, and when a satisfactory price can be obtained. The only conclusion to be drawn would seem to be that the mess must, in Mr. Hoover's opinion, be left to unscramble itself, save as the mention of Russia may create a political diversion, and that the dawn of prosperity for the farmers has become, like the immortality of the soul, only a pleasing hope.

So much for the greater silences. What has Mr. Hoover to say now that he has decided to take the country into his confidence and speak out? The beginning can hardly be called auspicious. Mr. Hoover's Cleveland speech, for example, will add nothing to his reputation as an economist, and his two addresses to the conventions in Boston are no better. The review of the business situation which he offered to the bankers evinces little more than a complacent and uninspired optimism, joined to a state of mind akin to the "comfortable fluidity" which he sees obtaining in the particular matter of bank credits. It is amazing to find him emphasizing the mischievous notion that the United States, if only it will tug a bit harder at its own bootstraps, can get on tolerably well when the rest of the world is troubled and distressed, and to perceive his apparent satisfaction with what are obviously only temporary remedies for unemployment. These three occasions called for a clear, strong, bold evaluation of the world situation as it affects particularly the United States, and this Mr. Hoover did not give.

We have already expressed the opinion that Mr. Hoover, all things considered, must be counted a liability rather than an asset for his party. The burden of that liability will, we think, be increasingly manifest as the campaign draws to its close. Nevertheless, the Republicans must shoulder it. In the face of a party record in Congress which is notoriously bad, the only hope is in keeping Mr. Hoover to the fore, standing behind him in all that he has said or done, and laboring to explain his failures as due to causes beyond his control. There could be no better opportunity for the Democrats and insurgent Republicans to press the battle all along the line, and administer to the Republican stalwarts and their leader the rebuke they have richly earned.

## Less Work—More Pay

FROM 14,000,000 to 16,000,000 men are out of work in the world today, according to the estimate of James O'Connell and John P. Frey, president and secretary-treasurer of the metal-trades department of the American Federation of Labor, in their annual report just submitted. They attribute this situation largely to "the failure of those who control the management of our industries to stabilize production," and as a remedy they urge a twenty-five-hour week combined with wages higher than those paid at present. The legislative council of the federation, in its report, likewise places on management the responsibility for business fluctuation, and urges in addition to the conventional remedies a reduction in hours of labor, the introduction of the five-day week, and the formation of a national economic council to set up machinery for stabilization. The council's general view of the situation is naturally much the same as that of Messrs. O'Connell and Frey.

The analysis made by these leaders goes by no means to the bottom of our troubles, nor do we regard their remedy as adequate; nevertheless we believe that they are looking in the right direction. Thoughtful men will scarcely fail to note the fundamental agreement that underlies certain apparent differences between them and Henry Ford, who in his latest book predicts a general minimum wage of \$27 a week by 1950, together with a universal five-day week. According to both Mr. Ford and the labor officials, the basic factor in our present problem is the enormous and unending increase in the productive power of industry. This increase, plainly enough, ought to make everyone progressively better off, but in fact we see it throwing men on the street instead.

To take a single example from many quoted in the report referred to above—at the present time four men in three minutes unload a quantity of copper ore that only a few years since occupied 100 laborers for four hours. A process similar in kind, even if less striking in degree, is constantly going on throughout industry. We pile up new and improved plant, and create what we call excess capacity. If we actually ran our present manufacturing plant to capacity for only four hours a day, say Messrs. O'Connell and Frey, we should turn out more goods than we now do. So we keep the whole machine throttled down—a process against which Mr. Ford protests violently—and at that, producers periodically have their warehouses filled with goods for which they can find no profitable market, while millions of families go hungry because they can find no work to do. We are able to produce so much that a good share of us live in perpetual fear of having nothing, and all of us periodically, as at present, stop producing because we can find nobody who is able to buy the things everybody wants. Surely there was never a more insane situation outside a madhouse.

The trouble, as the labor men suggest without going far enough to indicate a real remedy, is basically in our distribution of income, and is not to be cured without great changes in the economic machinery by which income is distributed. To put the thing broadly, the great body of buying power in every advanced industrial community is in the hands of those who live by wages and salaries. On the other hand, the owners of industry, of all classes, collectively receive income

vastly in excess of their power to consume, and they therefore almost automatically invest it in the form of new plant and equipment, with the aid of which we proceed to turn out consumers' goods in excess of the power of people to buy them. We are aware that the idea of relative over-saving is vigorously attacked by orthodox economists as a fallacy, but if there is any other satisfactory explanation of our acknowledged "surplus capacity" we have yet to see it. We are not concerned, either, to insist on such over-saving as the sole cause of business fluctuation, but we do hold that no continuous and uninterrupted economic progress is possible unless and until the right balance between saving and spending in the community at large is established. At present we leave it to the choice of individual and corporate investors, with no governor but the ineffectual fluctuations of the interest rate, and the investors automatically choose wrongly.

In the establishment of a right balance lies the social justification of the high and higher wages that both Mr. Ford and the labor officials demand, but they fail to indicate the practical means of reducing the excessive proportion of income that now goes to owners, which must be lessened if such a balance is to be established. Intelligent tax systems, public management of fundamental monopolies, a broad extension of social services—these and other methods offer a means of orderly progress along the road to that more equitable distribution of income which is essential to a sound balance between saving and spending and in time between production and consumption. Those who urge such means are not the enemies, but the friends of the existing order, for if the problem of unemployment cannot be solved by the processes of orderly change, the alternative of communism forever presents itself to those who are out of work. Unemployment is an effective agitator for revolution.

## A Tariff for Britain

VISIONS of still higher tariff walls and of yet more trade barriers to hamper the natural and logical flow of commerce among nations have been conjured up out of the newspaper dispatches reporting the deliberations of the British Imperial Conference now in session at London. These deliberations will concern themselves to a considerable degree with suggestions for rigging up some sort of inter-imperial preferential-tariff scheme. That the visions may be only illusory we fervently hope, but this hope is frankly based on a sorely beset Labor Government in England. Just around the corner, according to political observers in London, stands a Conservative Government avowedly eager to sacrifice the present free-trade policy of Great Britain and to come to terms with the dominions upon some basis whereby a new tariff fence, set up around the British Empire, will be added to the increasingly complex and uneconomical maze of international trade barriers.

Coming to London, the Prime Ministers of the dominions have frankly revealed that their chief interest in an imperial tariff arrangement lies in the desire to help the mother-country out of her present difficulties. They do not see that their constituents would benefit to any great extent from a preferential system under which British products would compete on even terms with the products of their own industries.

Nevertheless, they are apparently willing to go part way toward meeting England's desire for new outlets for her goods, in return for a preferred position for their own products in the English market.

That happens to be the crux of the problem. England's economic difficulties may be attributed to a considerable extent to her loss of foreign markets. Her primary imports consist of raw materials and foodstuffs. These commodities are precisely what the dominions want to sell to her, but in compensation for the tariff privileges in their own markets that England needs, they want countries competing with them in the sale of these commodities to be barred from the English market. This, in short, would have the effect of putting a tax on food and materials coming from outside the Empire, and, in the words of Lloyd George, England "cannot afford that luxury." Moreover, the Labor Government has declared itself firmly opposed to the scheme. Mr. Snowden, far from leaning toward any arrangement whereby the cost of living in England would be increased, in his last budget speech favored restoration of the historic free-trade position. If the Prime Ministers assembled in London entertain any hope of arriving at an agreement on a preferential-tariff basis they are undoubtedly doomed to disappointment. Indeed, the London *Daily Herald*, mouthpiece of the MacDonald party, has already warned the Imperial Conference that it should not expect Great Britain to "change her fiscal system in order to give preference to the dominions," while the Conservative *Morning Post* agreed that "there is nothing to be done" in the present situation and suggested that the conference would probably fail.

This might be very cheering news were it not for the growing probability that a Conservative Government may soon take the place of Labor. The Conservatives in unmistakable terms have declared their opposition to the MacDonald-Snowden free-trade stand. Just before the Imperial Conference convened, Neville Chamberlain, who may be the next Prime Minister of Great Britain, told a Conservative gathering that if returned to power the Conservative Party would be ready "to enter into negotiations" with the dominions on the tariff question. The bulk of British opinion may not yet be prepared to go the whole way in the matter of an imperial tariff scheme. Certain influential organizations, as for example the Trade Union Congress at its recent meeting at Nottingham, have declared against it. The Trade Union Congress urged instead the need for closer and more continuous consultation between Great Britain and the dominions on the problem of market possibilities, while the London *Economist* in commenting upon this suggested that the present circumstances of Britain "call for a maximum of concerted cooperative planning if our vital foreign trade and our domestic production are to be maintained." It is a problem that concerns not the British Empire alone, however, but the entire world. A "maximum of concerted cooperative planning" is the goal toward which all countries engaged in foreign trade should strive, and with the attainment of that goal we shall no longer have need of purely selfish and nationalistic trade-restriction schemes such as the Federal Farm Board plan for pegging American grain prices by open-market purchases, the Stevenson rubber plan, and the sugar and coffee price-fixing schemes of Cuba and Brazil. An effort must be made to ameliorate the intolerable situation created by the world-wide network of overtowering tariffs.

## The Poor Author

THE future of authorship, which seems on the whole to be in a parlous state at the moment, has at least one bright spot, that created by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. Rumors of the fabulous sums that have been offered to—and accepted by—popular writers have been current for some time. Louis Bromfield, for example, so the story goes, is to be richer by \$180,000 in five years if he presents the Cosmopolitan with three novels in that time. Mr. Bromfield has no complaint to make of his publishers to date, who have obligingly sold his books and advertised him as one of America's most important authors in this or any age. But \$180,000 is \$180,000, and a poor author is a poor author. There are probably few persons strong-minded enough to resist so alluring an invitation.

Under this scheme, however, we find ourselves substantially back in the old days of the rich patron who kept his artists at his pleasure. The only difference was that the patron suited his own tastes and the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation seeks to satisfy several million readers. The level is necessarily lower. What will become of Mr. Bromfield, who has been a writer of intelligence and discretion, in attempting to please this mass of readers, one does not know. But his situation brings up anew the problem of what happens to the artist under a subsidy. A well-known humorist, still alive, suffered a severe decline in power and popularity some years ago—shortly after having been given a large sum of money by a rich man who admired his work so much that he thought the humorist ought to be relieved from anxiety about it. There is probably not an author living who has not at some time or other dreamed of how he would work and how his work would improve if he did not have to be bothered with making a living at the same time. It is cruel to have to warn these dreamers that they would probably cease to work at all from the moment of becoming financially independent.

Daniel Guggenheim, who died the other day, had a more practical solution of the endowment problem. Give an artist a little money, Mr. Guggenheim seemed to say, and he may find it possible to keep on working. The Guggenheim fellowships, to which Mr. Guggenheim's will added another million and a half dollars, provided for small sums ranging from \$2,000 to \$3,500 to be given writers or painters for a year's work abroad. There are no strings to the gift and the trustees of the fund do not act as watchdogs to see if the money is honestly earned. Yet there is testimony from recipients that even this sum, freely given, acts as a restraint on artistic endeavor. One feels, it is said, an obligation to have something definite to show for a year's work. In the case of the research student, this is simple enough; for the poet or painter or novelist it is not so easy. There is likely to be the shadow of the subsidy between the artist and his typewriter or his easel. How disillusioning it would be if the fact were firmly established that an artist could do his best work only under pressure of necessity! The classic example of Sir Walter Scott, writing furiously his best novels to pay debts, is only one of many similar cases. An artist works because he must; and one of the most compelling "must's" of all is the need to live.

# Degradation of American Psychology

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

**A** NATIONAL philosophy is the most native of arts. It is the consciousness of a culture. The American philosophy, characteristic of the era of institutionalized and impersonal big business, is pragmatism. Pragmatism is as characteristic of contemporary America as the decadent empiricism which mistakes the Reform Bill of 1832 for a "Labor" government is British; as the ponderous extract of philosophical idealism and the romantic movement is characteristic of Germany from Kant to Kautsky; or as the Russian anarcho-syndicalist version of Marx is unexportably characteristic of the Soviet revolution.

The first philosophical sproutings of pragmatism appeared long before the period of which it is now the enlightened alibi. It began shyly in the days of our second industrial revolution, when the foundations of our industrial empire were being laid by the great robber barons of the closing third of the last century, when captains of industry were captains of industry, and not our present conference hounds of institutionalized monopolies, those ant hills of yes-men. It began as an innocent epistemology, as the still, small voice of a new theory of knowledge. But soon the early esoteric logical considerations of Charles Peirce fructified the brilliant simplicity of William James into his psychological pragmatism. James's philosophy, from his horse-sense epistemology to his celebrated view of religion-as-perhaps-the-best-policy-after-all, was the "pluralistic" apology for the wild economy of his day. I do not mean to say that he was a conscious philosophical defender of this catch-as-catch-can national economy. With the paradox of genius he unconsciously formulated in the most articulate of arts, in technical philosophy and psychology, the then American temper, just as Professor Dewey with the same paradox expressed it far more systematically for our own day. On the whole, James's two monumental volumes on the "Principles of Psychology" are the great psychological, indeed the great intellectual, work which closed our industrial frontier. But the future of William James's influence by no means lay in his acute reflection of a passing age. Between the lines of all his writings we can read the pragmatic injunction to an over-competitive age that it had better be good, or at least careful, which injunction served to unify his pluralism under the pragmatic sanction as we now know it.

Under John Dewey pragmatism developed into a regular "way of life," or rather into a complex signal system of social traffic lights. He began, like all good philosophers, as a logician. In his "Essays in Instrumental Logic" and later on in "How We Think" he developed the methodological base for his subsequent social psychology. He elaborated the argument that truth is not an abstraction of verities but a process of verification, not a thing in itself but the way we attend to it, not a system of inner conclusiveness but the best available method of bargaining for knowledge. This way of looking at truth is almost as old as philosophy itself. What made Dewey's pragmatism so uniquely American was his use of technical philosophy as an instrument of reform in the field of social phenomena, an instrument which later social

forces beyond his sagacity perverted into the means of conformity to the dominant social control. In time this "instrumental" attitude proliferated itself into hundreds of organizations, schools, societies in the field of social reform, education, religion, social politics, and business. He sums up his social psychology in his "Human Nature and Conduct." In it Professor Dewey perfects the theory that tolerance is a technique, the good life a laboratory, and truth a matter of social research. The early Jamesian pragmatism of a homely metaphysics and shrewd personal psychology becomes a logic of action, an ethics of optimism, and above all a social psychology of public adjustment. Hence Dewey's pragmatism is the ideal psychology for the American conference group, for "creative discussion," for shifting responsibility from personal character to institutionalized group action.

Suffice it to say that under his enormous influence pragmatism became the philosophy of the majority of educated Americans. And since the American temper is bound to make a thing "work," is forever turning ideas to their vocational usage, pragmatism became ever less philosophical and ever more behavioristic. It reflects that curious psychological similarity, constantly growing, which unifies our American life from professor to flapper with a certain excited optimism, usually expressing itself in pointless organization.

After establishing the rationale of pragmatism Dewey proceeded to apply it in the great divisions of American culture. He first became interested in the social settlements, the original nurseries of our modern "scientific" philanthropy. And as the result of the impetus he gave to these primitive milk stations of human kindness, they have grown into our present monopolies of social reform. He fixed the "scientific" obsession in the mind of the American reformer, the notion that society is a laboratory, that the life of man is subject to "case work," that social politics is a sort of sociological physics, and that social justice must be achieved by professional investigation. And so in the course of four decades the early humanitarian movement has grown into the present jobocracy of "social workers" in the application of technical goodness, into "community chests" promoted by the chamber of commerce, into a welter of agencies administering their own organization, and latterly into social-research foundations which are endlessly hoarding "data" to keep them from being interpreted. One of the most fascinating psychological literatures of our day is that curious, meaningless, pseudo-scientific jargon of this whole apotheosis for sterilizing social justice into "applied sociology." The "project methods" of social investigation, the papers and reports read at hundreds of conferences of such professional secretariats, and the books in the field bristle with this unctuous, quasi-psychological abracadabra. The unconscious motif of all this "scientific" ado is rather simple. "Scientific" reform gives one more power than plain intrusion. Scientific status gives one more prestige than an ordinary job. And, above all, it is the rationalization of a social cowardice, envious of the legitimate neutrality in the social struggle enjoyed by the genuine scientist.

Next, Dr. Dewey became interested in education. He founded the first really modern "teachers' college" at the University of Chicago almost three decades ago. Since then this institution has reproduced itself into hundreds of its own kind from New York to Tri-City. His own writings constantly stress that education should be purely "experimental." And in a small way he has lent his authority to genuine revaluations in educational theory as expressed in some progressive schools. But, by and large, the psychological impetus of his empirical method, in a culture which was being constantly subverted to the needs of a monopolistic plutocracy, was to corrupt the ends of knowledge to the means of its measurement. All the "teachers' college" has done so far is to complicate vastly the simple stupidity of the old public-school system. The work of our "educational psychologists" is almost altogether an alchemy of far-fetched presuppositions, as revealed in the conference reports, papers, blue-prints, tables, and other such literature of an insect-like industry in the "psychology" of the learning process.

In volume the production of this literature in the technique of smothering the ineffable art and tradition of human learning is enormous. Probably the most distinguished figure in this indoor sport of "educational psychology" is Professor Edward L. Thorndike of Teachers College at Columbia University. He has written several shelves in the higher mathematics of the "learning process." One of his best-known works, which he concocted with several of his students, is "Adult Learning." It is quite characteristic of all such research. I am quoting one brief passage from this book which can be duplicated on every page. It seems that

Partridge ('00) measured the amount of practice required by two adults in learning not to wink when a hammer of rubber struck a plate of glass in front of the eye. The course of learning not to wink at the sight and sound of the hammer was as follows, each number giving the number of times that the winking was inhibited in each hundred trials:

Subject A:—0, 0, 11, 6, 16, 20, 34, 53, 36, 42, 57, 45, 42, 53, and 50.

Subject B:—0, 0, 2, 4, 4, 0, 8, 2, 6, 4, 0, 28, 8, 4, 21, 32, 65, 39, 81, 83, 77, 92, 86, 97, 99, 88, 98.

Literally hundreds of such "studies" are being turned out by Dr. Thorndike's and other such factories to shape the curricula of our educational institutions from kindergarten to the doctorate, not forgetting the "adult learning processes" of the rest of us. The faculties in the legitimate colleges and graduate schools of the arts and sciences, and even in the professional schools, are being constantly bedeviled, to their helpless consternation, with all kinds of "new examination" systems with which to test the genuineness of scholarship by some such metric idiocy.

But the height of such "psychological" senselessness is reached by Dr. Lewis M. Terman of Leland Stanford. In a two-volume work edited by himself and called "Genetic Studies of Genius," which has achieved scriptural sanctity in the teaching bureaucracy, he runs amuck with a statistical mania which requires considerable mathematical patience to diagnose. "Gifted" children are organized into all kinds of "control groups" and subjected to experimentations in playing "ring around the rosy" and thousands of other similar activities, all of which are arranged and classified by "preference indices." The results stare us in the face in hundreds

of "tables" in plus and minus decimal figures which make as much sense as Rube Goldberg cartoons, any one of which might be the perfect laboratory for such "investigations." The most understandable thing in these two volumes is an elaborate "psychological" obituary record of great men. With painstaking meaninglessness Dr. Terman dissects these immortals in "case records." The "mental tests" of the distinguished historic characters whose "case records" he presents are, he tells us, "82 per cent reliable," on the basis of a "reliability coefficient of historic data" which he has worked out. Here are some of the I. Q.'s. of helpless dead geniuses "between the ages of seventeen and twenty-six." Copernicus's I. Q. is 130. Copernicus falls short of a medieval German theologian named Johann Reuchlin, whom Dr. Terman marks 150. Abraham Lincoln deserves an I. Q. of only 140, while somebody named Matastasio is entitled to 145. John Adams in the eyes of Professor Terman was rather foolish with a mere I. Q. of 130 as compared to an English divine named Francis Atterbury who rates at 150. Wolsey's "intellectual capacity" is 200 or "even higher" (*sic*), while Cromwell shook the world with an intellectual voltage of a mere 115. Spinoza beat Cromwell by 30 but he couldn't quite make the grade of Robert Southey, whose I. Q. was 155. Dr. Terman's tentative conclusion is that eminence in the father is likely to lead to eminence in the son. No doubt he has discovered in his genealogical studies some geniuses about whose paternity the rest of us have been in the dark.

Some years ago Mr. Walter Lippmann wrote a brilliant series of articles attacking these I. Q. monkeyshines, especially Dr. Terman's well-known Stanford-Binet test, a puzzle which might have been worked out by Joe Cook. Today we can even more definitely assert that such mental tests test nothing but our purely animal abilities of coordination. When the emotional and mental life of the individual does not rise above his mammalian needs, as in the case of idiots, these tests might conceivably serve as an objective affidavit for institutional commitment, provided of course the examiner has more sense than the subject. But they have no meaning as a measure of human values, and their results, especially as an index of ability in the higher reaches, are totally false and hence dangerously misleading. Yet these tests are being applied for entrance examinations to our colleges and are being constantly elaborated into judgments on the "total personality" of the victim. They are being used with increasing enthusiasm in business, in the employment of white-collar slaves, in the management of labor, in the treatment of normal offenders, indeed everywhere as a "psychological" *numerus clausus* to the disadvantage of underprivileged minority groups and as an eliminating process of those who think for themselves.

The influence of the pragmatic psychology is also visible in the "modernist" church. The liberal minister still abstains from giving us the divine I. Q. But he is more and more "reconditioning the reflexes" of the saints, transmuting them into a species of glorified psychiatric social workers, and the Trinity is decidedly an American committee of social workers engaged in "scientific" reform, saving souls through personnel administration.

At its latest and clearest, we can read this movement of robotizing the national mind in our business literature as influenced by the schools of business administration, the most up-to-date factories in the mass production of little yes-

men. This literature abounds in discussions on personnel administration, whose "psychology" is really a variety of sublimated strike-breaking, in problems of management, vocational guidance, sales resistance, the development of personal charm, and what not. And it is all highly verbalized in the current quack psychological jargon.

Dr. Dewey, of course, is no more to be blamed for this tragi-comic racket in American psychology than Hegel is to be blamed for the writings of Treitschke. But the intellectual derivation is quite clear in both cases. The vulgarization of the earlier pragmatism into the contemporary psychology of "success" was inevitable with the growing impersonalism and colorlessness of institutionalized business control. In this growing vulgarization it was inevitable that the latest apostles of American psychology should find even pragmatism, for all its experimentalism, far too metaphysical, intellectual, and dignified. The mental test and the other half-wit metric movements in American psychology are really part and parcel of the natural drift of pragmatism into behaviorism, which began before the World War and which has gathered momentum under the ever more dominant cultural influence of institutionalized monopoly since then. Most of the work by the younger men in our psychological laboratories until the last three or four years was "behavioristic," under the influence of Dr. John B. Watson, the "founder" of "genetic" psychology.

The scientific contribution of Dr. Watson's work at its best, even in his Johns Hopkins days, has never been much more than an amateur physiology, or rather neuro-physiology. No biologist would deny that whatever Dr. Watson took from Pavlov's great work on the conditioned reflex well merited the Nobel Prize which Pavlov received for it in 1904. What Dr. Watson really did was to sublimate Pavlov's work on digestion into opinions on man and society. In the latest edition of his volume on "Behaviorism" he elaborates in even greater detail his theory that our mental life is the process of silent "verbalization" by the muscles of the larynx, a sort of chronic intellectual laryngitis. And our emotions, we are told, are entirely "gut reactions," a sort of spiritual ventriloquy. With astonishing irrelevance Dr. Watson quotes "gratefully" seven pages from Professor Jennings's brilliant study on "The Biological Basis of Human Nature" in which Professor Jennings shows the influence of heredity, thereby implicitly dismissing Dr. Watson's fantastic claims for environment. Dr. Watson's pet aversion of course is Dr. Freud, whom he indicts in pseudo-felicitous vituperation, along with contemporary American psychiatry, which sold its soul to this Mephisto from Vienna.

According to Dr. Watson, "social psychology" should be nothing but a "genetic" study of the "conditioned reflexes" of the social Leviathan. This same view of social psychology permeates the work of such writers as Professors Bernard and Allport. But its latest and most sophomoric expression we can find in the volume on "Social Psychology" by Professor Kimball Young. His book is a sustained rigmarole of awkward behavioristic terminology about the "biological foundations . . . of social relations." And he winds up with the hope of "the ultimate emancipation of the social sciences . . . in the possibility of developing a set of concepts of social reality which will be definite, consistent, and logically universal."

Dr. Watson's personal career is extremely significant

of the intellectual dignity of this whole trend in American psychology. He is now the chief psychological mentor to the "profession" of advertising, "reconditioning the reflexes" of the American public to the overproduction of useless goods. His occupation is of a piece with his conviction that "a yearly increase in salary is an important factor in the progress of an individual." ". . . if the individual is a writer, we should want to draw a curve of the prices he gets for his stories year by year. If from our leading magazines he receives the same average price per word for his stories at thirty that he received when he was twenty-four, the chances are he is a hack writer and will never be anything but that." Our greatest literary genius, it seems, is Calvin Coolidge.

It was inevitable in these days of popularization, which might be called the growth of ideas to their largest possible publicity, that innumerable books and magazines in "popular" psychology should be flooding the market. Some years ago Dr. George Dorsey published his well-known treatise on "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," written in the best style of an old Connecticut Yankee giving the psychological low-down to the boys in the village store. Every so and so often Professor Harry Overstreet contributes a volume, combining the best features of psychoanalysis and behaviorism, on how to be happy, healthy, and wise. The latest arrival in this field is Professor Walter B. Pitkin, whose "Psychology of Happiness" was quickly followed by the "Psychology of Achievement." He writes in the rather startling style of slapping the reader on the back in every other sentence, so that when one lays the book down one has the feeling of having spent a long evening with a practical joker. The chapter headings sparkle with sales talk: A Case in a Billion; Absolute Zero; Kicked Upstairs; Batting Averages in Various Fields; Mind Will Out!

Achievement, according to Mr. Pitkin, has three phases—the wish, the chance, and the man. Since you no doubt have the wish, now and then have a chance, be a man, if you can. But even though you might be impotent of achievement you needn't turn up your nose at this book, for you are in it just the same. Everything is in it.

Mr. Pitkin's favorite technique of illustrating his view is the "case-record" method. We are treated to the "case records" of Amos Piddlebury, Marie McBlagh, Clara Clukkleety, and Charles Evans Hughes. Graphs of other interesting lives are presented in profusion. If you can, you may decipher the mental life of a "supersalesman in the iron and steel trades" in a graph which looks like the blueprint of a power-house. The "supersalesman" almost, but not quite, touches the circle of "genius" at several points.

But the greatest of all the arrivists is Babe Ruth. Mental tests at Columbia have established the indisputable fact that the Babe is one in ten million. "Babe Ruth's eyes are the best of five pairs. His ears are the best of five pairs. So the combination of his eyes and ears are the best out of twenty-five men. His general attention is the best out of one hundred men. So the combination of his eyes, ears, and general attention is the best out of 2,500 citizens." By this method of geometric propulsion the Babe runs so fast that he reaches the home base ahead of 9,999,999 of the rest of us, which leads Professor Pitkin to the statistical conclusion that "he should be receiving \$10,000,000 annually instead of the paltry \$80,000 he now pockets."

Such is the story of the degradation of American psy-

chology from its earliest pragmatism to its contemporary racket. Like all cultures, our institutionalized plutocracy has created its own philosophy, its own "scientific" method, and its own psychological apologetics. And in being an essentially vulgar and dull culture it created them in its own image. In every major division of American life it is training robots for its own perpetuation. It is pragmatic, "experimental," full of service, prosperity, and liberalism, whose

original critical functions, its tremendous power of social pressure has molded to its own needs. As Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, with his usual perspicacity, recently said, liberalism is the culture of contemporary capitalism. And he is right. It is the culture of all's well in this best of all possible worlds of institutionalized profit control.

There are signs that the American mind is beginning to rebel against this complex hokum. But that is another story.

## *On the College Frontier*

### III. Experimenting at Columbia\*

By HERBERT E. HAWKES

**I**N days not so very long ago the whole educational system from bottom to top was based on the assumption of individual similarity. In collegiate education, which is the concern of the present article, this principle showed itself in terms of the fixed course of study for all, at any rate during the early part of the course, regardless of what the individual might consider important or what might have any relation to his interests, immediate or remote. The assumption was that the classical languages, mathematics, and a few other studies varying more or less from college to college would tune up the mind, so to speak, to concert pitch.

Recently many so-called educators have gone to the opposite extreme of placing emphasis on individual differences, an extreme that is no more tenable when employed without check than that of exclusive attention to individual similarities. Starting with the kindergarten and working up from that point, the individual personality of the child has been the center and the soul of modern educational technique. This tendency has reached the college and serves to augment the impulse in the same direction given by the system of free electives initiated by President Eliot of Harvard. Under the influence of this movement the colleges have multiplied the number of courses offered so that any taste, however specialized or even erratic, may be satisfied.

Without going into any profound analysis of personality, either individual or social, it seems evident that there are many aspects of young men and women in which they are similar and many in which they are different. Any system of education that does not keep its eyes open to both facts is certain to be lopsided. The existence of individual similarities among students lies back of the almost uniform practice in college, or school either for that matter, of devoting a certain part of the course to subject matter that constitutes a sort of highest common factor of what any young man ought to know. Of course, opinions will differ more or less as to what comprises this highest common factor, but that it exists for students who are to be members of the same social, economic, and governmental order no one can doubt. This highest common factor may be looked upon, from still another point of view, as a body of knowledge, broad in character and stimulating in intellectual effect, through the medium of which a student may obtain an insight into the vari-

ous directions in which a more detailed study of the field would carry him.

In its essence the idea back of the highest-common-factor survey is a belief in individual similarities, while the work that follows is modified according to individual differences. Shot through the whole process should be an attempt on the part of the teacher to know the individual in order that the conditions, both material and psychological, under which he does his work may be favorable for effective work on his part and for his making a wise choice of the one out of the ten thousand directions in which he may throw his energies when the time comes.

This again is on the assumption that our college boys are on the whole serious in purpose and anxious to make the most of themselves. My own experience may be narrow and misleading, but such as it is it leads to the overwhelming conviction that the large majority of college boys are fully as anxious to use their time and opportunity wisely as their elders are to have them. They may differ as to ways and means but they are not trying to fool anybody. The man who loudly proclaims that college students today are not interested in learning anything is generalizing quite inaccurately from a relatively small group of noise-makers to the whole body of American collegians.

Although many educational experiments have been entered upon, some of which have been carried through successfully, it is farthest from my desire either to assume that wisdom in collegiate education begins and ends in Columbia College or to attempt to prove it. Every college must try to work out in a manner best adapted to its tradition, resources, and personnel the best solution of its problem. I think that many colleges have adopted policies entirely consistent with what I have said. But the way in which they have done it differs more or less from that developed in Columbia College.

At Columbia College the administrative framework is such that educational ideas can be planted, can germinate, and can be fertilized without so much heat or drought as to kill them. If too embryonic a proposal is presented to a faculty, or to any other group of persons for that matter, the tendency is almost inevitable for all hands to take sides prematurely. If this is done it is almost impossible to get the real question disentangled from the talk about it.

One way of avoiding this tendency toward stagnation

\* The third of a series of articles on educational experiments. The fourth, the Antioch Faculty Trust, by J. F. Kirkpatrick, will appear in the issue of October 22.—EDITOR THE NATION.

is to provide ample opportunity for the discussion of educational matters in smokers and in small groups where no formal business is done and where no one is trying to get something put through that he is committed to, but where constructive criticism is sought. To this end also, an executive committee of the faculty, elected by the faculty, with rotating membership, is almost essential. To this committee every suggestion for development and modification of any aspect of the college under the jurisdiction of the faculty is presented, and in the committee these ideas are discussed. Those who would be affected by the results if they were put in operation are called in conference, and the project is either reported to the faculty for action if it seems desirable, or killed if it ought not to live. This procedure makes a formal faculty what it really ought to be—a legislative body. It leaves executive functions for executive officers and avoids the ruction that so frequently is associated with faculty debates. With an administrative framework adapted to cultivate an attitude toward new ideas that is not only unafraid but usually actually sympathetic, much has been done to foster a sane attention toward the individual differences of students without forgetting their similarities.

A moment's reflection will make it clear that there is nothing inherent in the situation or the make-up of the college or the university in the great city that renders attention to the individual unlikely or even difficult. In fact, if adequate resources are available it is an easier task than that faced by the small college in the country. For example, the boy who needs to work for his partial support can certainly be more adequately served by a good employment office in a city where there is a great variety of jobs than in the country where there are very few. If the boy's health needs watching, it can probably be done more skilfully by an office that can command all the skill in a great medical school than by a single doctor in a country town. The whole argument of the small versus the large college hinges upon the relative size and competence of the staff in the two institutions.

Most of the advances in college education during the past decade depend upon the fact that we are now beginning to apply more exact methods in the educational processes than were known twenty years ago. It is all very well to enlarge upon the reality and the importance of the intangibles and the imponderables. It is perfectly true that they are real and very important, but not because they are intangible or imponderable. In fact, they would be more useful and more real and more usable if they could be touched and weighed. This very thing is what we are beginning to do with various features of our college education. By means of the psychological test, so called, we are able to get a clearer estimate of some of the qualities of mind that have to do with success in college. This test is not used to the exclusion of any of the other means that are more familiar and more subjective. It merely supplements them. The whole theory and practice of examinations has been revised by the newer types of examinations. Even a body as solid and conservative as the College Entrance Examination Board is beginning to become interested in such techniques. It is not too much to say that Columbia College has done its share in developing in a careful but scientific spirit the whole large area of questions that center on examinations of all types. Evidence of this may be found in the fact that the most extensive and perhaps the most promising study in educational history, the so-called

Pennsylvania Study, depends largely on the scholars of Columbia College. Here also is the headquarters of the Co-operative Test Service, which has recently been organized under a subvention from the General Education Board, and which promises during the course of the next ten years to carry to a much higher degree of accuracy than ever before the art of examining.

Every attempt is made to capitalize the enthusiasm with which a boy comes to college. When a youth enters college something is supposed to have happened. He assumes that he is entering upon a new and higher level of intellectual life. If after a few days he finds that he is threshing the same old straw in the same old way a golden opportunity is forever lost. To meet this situation every student takes placement examinations, the object of which is to find out at just what point the boy is competent to take up the study of language, mathematics, science, and the rest. The results of these tests reveal the startling fact that about half of the incoming students are competent to take work one or more half-years in advance of the point indicated by their entrance record. With the promotion of these men to a point where they cannot float but must do some work to maintain themselves, the whole morale of the college is lifted from a state of apathy and listlessness to a condition where each student feels that he has something to bite on and that unless he bites hard he will not get far. Furthermore, the facts regarding each student are examined and an amount of work is assigned to him that depends on his ability, his preparation, his health, the amount of time, if any, that he must spend earning money for his education, and the amount of time he requires for commuting, for athletics, or for other outside activities.

After all this is done, an effort is made through the medium of a very broad and inclusive course on contemporary civilization to introduce the student to a consideration of the great problems of education, religion, economics, government, and social procedure that face the individual in our American life. If a youth gets nothing else than a conviction that there are two or more sides to most questions, and that those who support each side are equally honest, he has learned one of the most important lessons that he will ever master. If in addition he finds out that no one can have an intelligent opinion on any controversial subject until he has tried to look at it through the eyes of the man with whom he does not agree, he has gained still more. As a matter of fact, one learns all this and much in addition in this course.

Space prevents further elaboration of the way in which the whole collegiate curriculum is developed toward the end of affording each student a chance not only to lay a solid foundation, but to build a superstructure the architecture of which conforms to his own individual ambition, ability, and temperament.

The organizing of a coordinated personnel service which brings in all of the offices and officers that come into contact with the students, instead of an isolated office chiefly interested in statistics, is another important contribution to our technique of knowing the student. A theory of discipline which looks upon each case as an opportunity not to punish a malefactor but to strengthen a weak morale is worked out with the help of the teaching staff. And more important than all the rest, an atmosphere that amounts to a tradition has come to be recognized—that when any man, student or teacher, has a real conviction it is treated with respect.

# Detroit Elects a Liberal

By R. ROTHMAN

**F**RANK MURPHY, liberal, humanitarian, champion of the rights of the masses, was on September 9 elected Mayor of Detroit. Significantly, he was chosen in a popular upheaval after the recall from office of Mayor Charles Bowles, and he was elected in the face of a vitriolic attack from the conservative press and the big-business elements of the city.

The recall of Bowles had such widespread publicity that no review of that event is necessary. His administration was marked by such stupidity, mismanagement, and corruption that he was recalled from office by a majority of 30,000 votes. Following upon the heels of Bowles's recall, the *Detroit Free Press* announced that a "citizens' committee" had named George Engel as the logical successor to the mayoralty. The *News* added its indorsement. Both papers announced, moreover, that Engel must be the only candidate. The recall in Michigan is defective in that it provides for no primary election, and Engel's supporters maintained that another candidate would so split the field that the reelection of Bowles (automatically a candidate) would be a certainty.

Radicals, liberals, conservative exponents of honest government, every progressive group in the city were alarmed. Engel was known as a politician who had held office years before under the discredited regime of Mayor Marx. His campaign manager had also been a member of that administration. The liberals turned to Murphy, a judge in Records' Court, and urged him to enter the race. They circulated petitions and within five days produced 73,000 signatures. Murphy resigned as judge and entered the race.

Who is Frank Murphy? Readers of *The Nation* have already learned of him through an article by J. A. Fellows which appeared in the issue of May 14, 1930. That article described the enlightened scientific methods employed by Judge Murphy. In his court the histories of prisoners in felony cases are investigated and charted, and sentence is decided not by the judge alone, but by a sentencing board which is guided at least in part by the charted case histories. This plan to diagnose and treat the criminal is illustrative of the intelligent social point of view that has characterized his entire career. After the war, as special United States district attorney appointed by President Wilson, Judge Murphy was assigned to the prosecution of war profiteers. For his work in this field he won national recognition. During his three years in office he never lost a case, and though pitted against the best legal talent in the country, he secured the only convictions of war profiteers.

He reorganized the Records' Court so that responsibility for its acts, instead of being vague, would be centered in an executive judge. He organized the bond bureau to eliminate the professional bonding evil—a system which has been imitated in many courts of the country. But, most important, his attitude upon the bench was humane, tolerant, and scientific—the Negroes of Detroit still revere him for his fair hearing of the Sweet trial at a time when prejudice and bigotry were rampant in the city.

Murphy's decision to run for mayor was a courageous

one. The big-business interests of the city were lined up against him, and the newspapers supporting Engel were apparently prepared to employ any device to discredit Murphy. On Murphy's side were his youth, his vitality and enthusiasm, and his almost religious zeal for reform. For him the big issue of the time was the general economic distress and the attendant widespread unemployment in the city. His interest in this problem was not new or political. He has worked on the problem for years on the bench, and has been a member of the Unemployment Insurance and Old-Age Pension leagues. On his side also—for rather complicated reasons involving past support and present personal friendship with the local editors—was the Hearst paper, the *Detroit Times*, which earnestly supported his candidacy.

Murphy's campaign was one without an organization or a machine, a spontaneous affair devoid of one incriminating promise or alliance. His headquarters were crowded with volunteers—men and women from every walk of life, of every race, creed, and shade of opinion. The movement assumed the proportions of a huge crusade to recapture Detroit. Murphy issued to his workers only a few general instructions. There must be no alliance with any clique or group, no campaign promises made. No contribution of more than one dollar would be accepted. The actual cost of the campaign, conducted without flamboyant advertising, was less than \$3,000. Large contributions were offered by selfish interests eager to climb on the band-wagon, but they were all refused. "I will go into the mayor's office a free man or not at all," Murphy said.

In the two weeks of his campaign Murphy relied mostly upon his speeches throughout the city. Wherever he spoke he was thunderously received. And he did not deal in generalizations. His economic program was as follows: to provide city agencies for determining accurately the extent and nature of unemployment in Detroit; to create a competent unemployment commission to study and act on the problem; to form civic employment agencies to centralize the problem of distributing employment and counteract the evils and waste of private agencies and personal street-tramping for jobs; to concentrate the use of public money on those city improvements that are socially most important—health, sanitation, lodgings for the homeless, relief for economic distress—rather than on the improvement of privately owned real estate; to agitate for unemployment insurance and old-age pensions; to bring large employers together in an attempt to regulate production and labor so that work might be uniformly distributed throughout the population. Engel, the business candidate, promised to solve unemployment by increasing the city's bonded indebtedness in order to make public improvements and provide more jobs thereby. In answer, Murphy pointed out that the city was already in a maze of delinquent taxes, and that increasing such projects as street-widening would be a feasible method of relieving unemployment only under a taxation system that took from the rich and distributed among the poor.

During the Bowles administration the municipally owned

system of street railways had been made a political football. Its management had been turned over to opponents of city ownership and it was being bankrupted. Murphy pledged a defense of municipal ownership without a fare increase, and promised to introduce civil service and employment security into the system. In his speeches Murphy pointed to his past record. He boldly labeled himself a "radical" and pledged his every effort to rid the city of corruption and control by the moneyed interests.

The hostile press singled Murphy out for their attack. First they accused him of deliberately entering the race to split the vote so that Bowles might win. The *Detroit News* warned readers of this "plot," and asserted that responsibility for Bowles's reelection would rest with Murphy, that Engel was the only man who had a chance to beat Bowles. The *News* and *Free Press* openly expressed a belief that Murphy was in a deal with Bowles, that Governor Green was involved in the deal, that whichever of the two, Murphy or Bowles, lost in the election would be appointed to the judgeship left vacant by Murphy's resignation. Green promptly squelched the rumor by appointing a new judge.

The attacks became personal. Murphy was young, inexperienced, a dreamer. What Detroit needed was a practical business man—Engel is the owner of a furniture store—and not a visionary who promised an administration of "dew and sunshine." This theme was played and replayed in editorials, while a witty columnist of the *Free Press* harped upon "Sir Galahad" with his vision of "dew and sunshine" *ad nauseam*. Murphy, the newspapers continued, had only the support of the underworld (a newspaper term meaning "poor people"). On the eve of the election the voters were warned that it was not the respectable Circuit Judge Alfred Murphy who was running; it was candidate Frank Murphy, who had often secured votes because citizens confused the two men. The *Detroit News* published pictures of both men. The clean-cut Judge Alfred A. Murphy was easily recognizable. But those who had seen Frank Murphy and remembered his clear, sensitive, intelligent features, could not believe their eyes when they saw his name attached to the picture of a man resembling a thug just emerged from a street brawl—cauliflower ear, battered nose, scarred cheek, and all.

One mysterious aspect of the battle was the entrance of John Smith, former Mayor of Detroit, into the field of candidates. He had always drawn his votes from the same "underworld" that Murphy was expected to win and he was known to have been in conference with the *Detroit Free Press* before he announced his candidacy. It was believed that he had entered only to split Murphy's vote, inasmuch as no one conceded him a chance in the election. Smith gave weight to this belief when he centered his attack almost entirely upon Murphy, sparing Engel, who in turn spared him. When Murphy advocated shelter for the homeless unemployed, Smith said, "He wants to turn the workers out of their homes and make them sleep in flop-houses." Even more significant was the announcement Smith finally made that he thought Engel could fill the mayor's job creditably.

Election day came. The hundred per cent American districts stuck by Bowles—with rather heavy desertions to Murphy. The silk stockings clung to Engel—with heavy desertions to Murphy. Murphy received a plurality in eleven of the city's twenty-two wards. The result was:

Murphy, 106,442; Bowles, 94,151; Engel, 85,973; Smith, 21,632; Raymond (Communist), 3,544.

Without a machine, without money, Frank Murphy was elected. To hopeful liberals, he is a liberal leader, sane, clear-minded. They believe that he will launch a progressive movement in Michigan with more energy than even Couzens knew how to exercise.

## In the Driftway

A KIND friend the other day made the Drifter a present of a Virginia ham. The grateful recipient mentions the gift with some reluctance, for he is aware that the curing of hams is almost as delicate and individual an operation as the raising of children, and there are as many theories about one as about the other. He himself was raised on the notion that while bacon might be improved by the wholesale and allegedly scientific treatment it received in large packing establishments, hams were better cured at home. About the smokehouse hangs as romantic a flavor as about the sugar-house where the maple sap is treated. And the product of one is hardly sweeter than that of the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

THIS particular Virginia ham was very long and rangy. It required to be set to soak for many hours in the wash boiler, and to cook for almost as many in the same receptacle. By the time the boiling was over, it just managed to squeeze into the oven. And when it emerged, stuck with cloves and smeared with brown sugar, it was a joy to both the eye and the nose before it made its way joyfully down the gullet. The Drifter has it on unimpeachable authority that in the United States "hams are . . . trimmed and cured in a pickle made of salt, sugar, and a nitrate or nitrite. After pickling and soaking, the ham is smoked with fumes from hard wood or from sawdust." He does not know for sure that his ham was treated in this way. He suspects that instead of a nitrate or nitrite, a certain amount of ambrosia was injected into it somewhere in the course of the process. And if there was any sawdust in his ham it was not apparent to his not indiscriminating palate. However, he is willing to believe that out of nitrates or nitrites and the smoke of sawdust came the delectable dish he bore to the table with his own hands, cut with his own knife, and was personally soothed and refreshed by.

\* \* \* \* \*

NEXT to the proper method of curing ham, there is no more debatable subject than its fitting accompaniments. Ham might perfectly well be served alone, its own excuse for being. But as a rule it is offered along with certain companions, and the strangest of these is certainly spinach. Now, the Drifter has no objection to spinach. In its own sharp, sandy way it does very well; when it is thoroughly drained before it is eaten it has a tang that deserves respect. But it is no more an adornment for a ham than a string of limp seaweed would be to a mermaid all fresh and glistening from the sunlit sea. The Drifter once knew an old lady who said that when she had her teeth she thought nothing more tasty than a dish of ham and sorghum cooked up together. Without recommending this mixture, the

Drifter thinks it to be on the right track. For proper garnish to ham should be sweet, and of all sweets, fruit is the best. With his Virginia ham the Drifter had bananas sliced and browned in butter. Pineapple similarly treated is equally good. After such a dish nothing more is needed but plenty of coffee, preferably black. It remains only to look forward to the next day, when the ham can be sliced thin and eaten cold, right out of the hand.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

### The National Safety Council and Mr. Resnick

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Louis Resnick, in his recent series of articles on the safety movement, performed a service to the movement by directing public attention to the magnitude and importance of our national accident problem. Unfortunately, his story is marred by a number of statements which are half-truths, or inaccurate and hence misleading.

For example, the general impression is given that our accident record, as a people, is getting steadily worse. That this is considerably less than the whole truth is shown by the following facts, from United States Census Bureau reports:

The accident death-rate (per 1,000 population) is lower now than at any time before 1919, though higher than in 1919-22.

The accident death-rate, excluding automobile accidents, is lower today than ever before—30 per cent lower than in 1913. This includes the death-rate from industrial accidents, making it almost certain that the latter has declined, though such accidents are not shown separately in the official records. In 1929 the other-than-automobile deaths (including industrial) declined from 1928 in such important industrial States as New York, Ohio, California, Indiana, and Massachusetts. . . .

In less than twenty years railroad accidents (even including grade-crossing crashes) have declined by more than one-half and other major items show substantial decreases, including falls, drownings, and burns.

The only real blot on the record is furnished by automobile accidents, which have increased five- or six-fold since 1913, owing of course to the even more rapid increase in the number of vehicles. Even here, numerous communities large and small showed reductions in 1929. But even including the automobile, our accident death-rate is far less than in the days before the present organized safety movement was born.

The aggregate experience of several thousand industries reporting to the National Safety Council shows a steady decline in accident frequency from year to year.

Quite naturally, the men and the activities comprising the safety movement are open to easy criticism, some of it just. But in bemoaning the lack of safety leadership, did Mr. Resnick overlook the fact that safety in industry admittedly owes its genesis to Judge E. H. Gary, hardly a negligible figure in economic history, and that in June, 1930, the President of the United States, amid all the tribulations of tariffs and treaties, found time to open in person the third general meeting of the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, which he himself as Secretary of Commerce had organized in 1924, a movement which has already brought about a considerable degree of uniformity in the traffic regulations of at least half the States and scores of cities?

The safety movement in industry is barely twenty years old; outside of industry, barely half that. It is making its own methods, its own leaders, and undoubtedly its own mistakes. It is making progress perhaps equal to that of any similar movement in a like time.

Chicago

W. H. CAMERON,

Managing Director, National Safety Council

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Mr. Cameron of the National Safety Council regards my statements as "inaccurate" and "misleading," perhaps he will be more easily convinced by some of his own. A report of the National Safety Council entitled "Accident Facts—1930" made its appearance in June. The first sentence in the report says: "Accident experience in 1929 resembled that of other recent years in three respects: (1) an increase in the total number of persons killed; (2) an increase in the *death-rate per 100,000 population*; and (3) a marked increase in automobile deaths." (*Italics mine.*)

If Mr. Cameron read my articles he noted full recognition of Judge Gary's contribution to the safety movement. As for President Hoover's appearance at a safety conference, Mr. Cameron knows as well as anyone that such an appearance does not constitute leadership.

My articles were not written as an attack on the safety movement; I have too much respect for the hundreds of safety men who to my personal knowledge are all but laying down their own lives in the effort to save others.

New York

LOUIS RESNICK

## Exploiting the Negro

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is to be regretted that Mr. Gustavus Adolphus Steward, in your issue of September 17, wrote with restraint in paying his respects to Carl Van Vechten's novel, "Nigger Heaven."

There is room for some healthy, constructive literature on the color issue. The country has had more than its fill, however, of hollow stories such as Van Vechten's concoction and that huge array of hackneyed tales of which Nella Larsen's "Passing" is a fair sample.

Cleveland, September 20

DAVID H. PIERCE

## Arms and Arms

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: S. Ralph Harlow in the *Christian Century* complains of the War Department for issuing a document of thirty-eight big pages to show by quotations from the Bible that war and armament are right, wherein the department quotes the Old Testament with great literalness but takes pains to explain that the New Testament is not to be understood too literally, and in the text "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" italicizes the last three words to show that armament should be perpetual.

Mr. Harlow appears to feel as if this last quotation were profanation. It may be profanation or what you like, but to me it looks like plain illiterate stupidity. A department that does not know the difference between arms and arms cannot be presumed to have intelligence enough to know the difference between a loaded gun and an unloaded gun.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., September 24

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# An Ocean Clearing-House

THE following interesting account of a proposed free port at Mortier Bay, Newfoundland, was written by a correspondent for the *London Times* of September 20, from which it is reprinted.

The Legislature of Newfoundland has given sanction to a project containing the germ of a wide expansion of inter-imperial and, indeed, international trade. The intention is to create a free port—the only free port on the continent—at Mortier Bay, an inlet of Placentia Bay, on the south coast of Newfoundland, which shall constitute a transfer point, or ocean clearing-house, for goods in transit between the markets of the world, the industrial region of the Great Lakes, and the Canadian and United States Middle West and West.

The scheme is based on the geographical situation of Newfoundland and on the advantage of water over rail transport. What this means in economy may be gathered from the estimate in the report of the International Joint Commission that one ton a rail-mile costs as much as six tons a water-mile. The advantage is intensified by the rapid growth of the Great Lakes industries and by the increasing traffic congestion of the United States railway lines and terminal ports.

Newfoundland stands in much the same geographical relation to the continent of America as Great Britain to the continent of Europe. Great Britain has the hinterland of Europe to draw upon; Newfoundland has the even greater hinterland of North America. She has been aptly named the "gatekeeper of the St. Lawrence," and a glance at the map shows that Cape Race, at the eastern extremity, jutting far out into the Atlantic, lies at the intersection of the principal trade routes between the St. Lawrence and the Canadian and United States eastern seaboard. There is no suitable harbor at Cape Race, but Mortier Bay, eighty miles to the west, is admirably suited for all the purposes in view. It is an open port all the year round, quite landlocked, and ships of any size can lie there in perfect security, either at anchor or at wharves, at all seasons and in all weathers. Being on the short-circle track between the Great Lakes, the United Kingdom, and northern Europe, it provides the shortest and most direct route between those countries and all Great Lakes ports.

From Detroit to Liverpool via New York is 4,271 statute miles; via Mortier Bay the distance is 3,922 miles only, a saving of 349 miles. The New York distance includes a rail haul of 693 miles, while by Mortier Bay it is an economical water route all the way. Mortier Bay is 200 miles nearer than is New York to Pernambuco, and consequently the same distance nearer to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires, and it is nearly 700 miles nearer to those ports than is New Orleans.

While the export and import trade of the Great Lakes will be the primary object of the enterprise, the importance of Mortier Bay as a general port of call must not be lost sight of. Nor must its value as a potential air base, a junction for converging air lines, be omitted from calculation. Within a few years the North Atlantic may be traversed by a number of competing air lines, which will operate from different harbors and by different routes. There will be at least three routes—the northward, by the Faroe Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador; the southern, by the Azores and Bermuda; and that by Ireland and Newfoundland. It may be argued that neither of the other proposed routes will be so direct or will draw to itself so many auxiliary air lines as will the route between Ireland and Newfoundland. . . .

There can be no doubt of the freight which is offered by the creation of a free port at Mortier Bay. The International Joint Commission described as "immense" the volume of traffic seeking an outlet from and inlet to the Great Lakes, "the largest producing area of the United States and a very large consumer of raw materials and manufactured products from abroad." According to another authority:

The sixteen States which are united in the movement for a deep waterway connecting the Great Lakes with the ocean produce 75 per cent of the wheat, 65 per cent of the corn, 100 per cent of the flax, 85 per cent of the iron, 39 per cent of the copper, 74 per cent of the zinc, and 46 per cent of the lead produced in the entire country. The shores of these lakes are lined with industries producing in great volume a multitude of manufactured articles entering prominently into our foreign trade.

The quantity of raw materials imported for these industries is as great as that of the exported goods, but unfortunately the two do not provide balancing cargoes. "The trade with Europe," says the International Joint Commission, "represented exports seven times the value of imports, while imports from South America during the last four years had been practically double the exports." Hence the one-way freights which form such a handicap to North Atlantic shipping. A freight clearing-house at Mortier Bay will tend to lessen this handicap, while for the lake vessels it will assure full cargoes both ways, eastbound of manufactured goods, westbound of raw materials. But Mortier Bay will not be merely an Atlantic transfer station. The Newfoundland act contains authority for the import of raw materials under free-port conditions for conversion into manufactured goods. It may be anticipated, therefore, that some of the Great Lakes manufacturers will find it to their advantage to establish factories there for the export side of their trade, thereby saving the transportation cost of the raw material to the Great Lakes, and the still heavier transportation cost of the manufactured goods from the Great Lakes to Mortier Bay.

The act conferred upon the Great Lakes Newfoundland Atlantic Company, Limited (the G.N.A.), a company incorporated in Newfoundland with a nominal capital of \$10,000,000, the right to construct and operate a free port at Mortier Bay. Contingent upon the company complying with certain provisions, the right carries with it any ungranted water-power rights free of rental or charge, together with a grant in fee simple of fifty square miles of land, including minerals, for the purposes of the port and of commercial enterprises established within the free-port industrial zone. The Newfoundland government does not guarantee the bonds for constructing the port, but in a section dealing with administration . . . the act provides:

That there shall be a Harbor Board consisting of three members, of whom two shall be appointed by the Governor-in-Council and the third by the company, which shall have control and management of the harbor of the free port and its approaches and the shipping therein; shall impose and collect such rates and dues upon all vessels using the port and their cargoes as it may deem advisable; and shall expend all such sums so collected (a) in meeting the annual interest and sinking-fund payments upon any bonds or debentures which shall be charged upon the terminal facilities of the port, (b) in payment of its members and employees, (c) in the upkeep and maintenance of the said terminal facilities, and (d) in improvements of and additions to the same. . . .

# The Nation

Vol. CXXXI, No. 3406

Wednesday, October 15, 1930

## He Loved His Sister!

"Yes, indeed, one accustomed one's self much more easily than one could have dreamt to a situation. A week earlier the only thing to do had seemed to be to put a bullet through one's brains. Certainly a few generations earlier no one within the pale of the Church could have survived it. Yet Byron felt morally quite sound.

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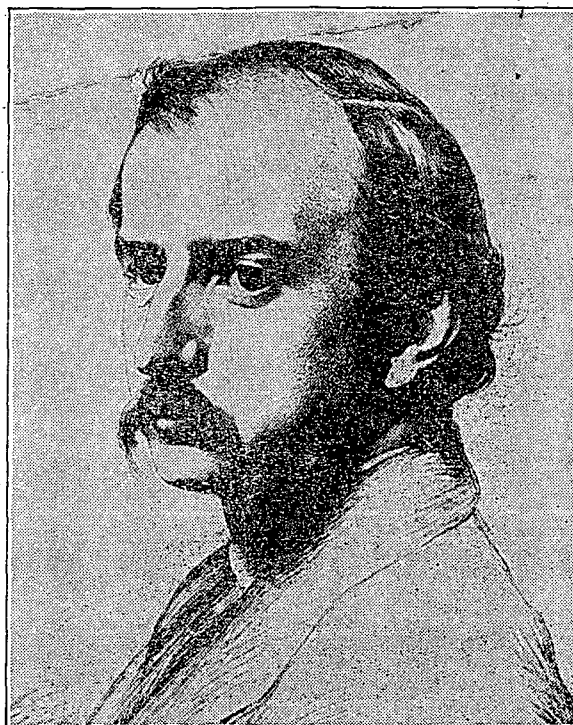
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# Fall Book Section

## Is Literature Possible?

By LIONEL TRILLING

### I

IN the last twenty years, critical writing about American literature has successively occupied four main positions: first, the declaration of the non-existence of any literature worth the name; second, about 1915, the acclamation of a new literature, fresh in kind and spirit; third, the discovery, some five years ago, of an immaturity and insufficiency in the new writers; and fourth, now current, a sociological explanation of the failure of American writing and a prediction of the inevitable doom of all American art.

This last position is Spenglerian in derivation and tendency. The hope of the last generation, that the machine would make for a great improvement in human life, has ended in disappointment. That the machine, far from raising the plane of human life, exercises an intolerable tyranny over it has become one of the commonplaces of modern thought. Upon it the exponents of Spenglerian literary criticism base their explanation of the present inferiority of American art and their prediction of its eventual disappearance. They find that this tyranny of the machine over life affects art in three ways. It works on the artist himself, on the material of his art, and on the social validity of the very function of art.

At the very beginning of his career—so the argument runs—the artist is in danger. For in our age the rewards of business are far greater than the rewards of art, so that men of talent and of sufficient energy to make this talent effective are drawn off from pursuits that in previous ages they might have blindly followed, and are used in commerce and in technical pursuits. Or, if the artist is not tempted away from his art, to continue in it under our economic system is so difficult that he has not the equanimity to pursue it fruitfully. Further, he is forced to live in an environment that oppresses his spirit—an environment without joy, without gaiety, refusing him encouragement or fertilization.

This in itself would not be insupportable. But—continues the argument—not only is it difficult to possess the simple necessities of the artistic life: what is worse is that there is no important subject matter with which the American artist can deal. American life, reduced to a sordid uniformity by the machine, offers no break in its surface by which art can grasp it. The machine has impressed the individual into the mob. And with the mob art has never dealt and cannot deal. Then, too, that sense, which every writer of considerable genius has had, of influencing and directing, in some measure, his world, cannot be enjoyed by the American artist. He must feel the arrogant imperturbability of the social structure he inhabits; he knows that his word can have no part in changing its habits or form.

And finally—the argument concludes—not only is it difficult for the artist to survive; not only does he lack a reasonable subject matter for his art and the feeling that he occupies a place in a society which, in some degree, is resilient to his touch; but art itself becomes less and less a neces-

sary function or instrument of life. For mechanism regimentes the emotions and categorizes the problems of living; mechanism supplies in itself a satisfaction to emotional needs and an answer to all questionings. It supplants the old human values with new mechanical ones. Emotional desires are satisfied—or deadened—by minor mechanisms: an inclosed shower, a squad of drilled flunkies, a washing-machine; a new car. Or sometimes the means of emotional satisfaction take deceptively the forms of art, the mass-produced amusement of the magazines and movies. By mechanism, all the subtle problems of one's relation to one's fellow-men and the momentous ones of one's relation to the universe are reduced to the simple but insistent one of relationship to an economic state which is not a means but an end. And in such an order art can have no use.

### II

This position, attractive with a sort of grim sentimentality and sealed with the seven irrefragable seals of sociological logic, has become widely current. It is based undeniably on truth, but the conclusions which it draws are far from demanding an inevitable assent.

Beginning with the situation of the artist himself, we may reject at once the assertion that the artist is being diverted from art to commerce and technical pursuits. Not only are the rewards of art—even admirable art—still possibly attractive, but we may recognize, in the old romantic fashion, the existence of a distinct artist-type, incapable of choosing freely among the professions the one that will most practically reward his devotion, a man predestined to art. Undoubtedly, the American artist has a sufficiently difficult economic struggle, frequently having to devote too much of his time to pursuits unrelated to art. But this struggle is certainly not materially greater than that of many men in England's nineteenth century. The presence in America of so great a body of writing of not debased, although assuredly mediocre, quality must indicate the possibility of the artist's economic survival.

In regard to his spiritual survival we must be less sanguine. It cannot be denied that even for the non-artistic citizen the conditions of our environment are in many respects far too strenuous not only for spiritual but even for physical health. And it would seem that the great effort expended to support the conditions of our life must inevitably divert energy from the artist's creation. The answer to this must be a simple one, even a puritanic one. Now, as always, we have the right to expect of the artist that he will so order his life that, although he keep himself always sensitive to his environment, he will provide himself with sufficient insulation to keep from being done in by it. The nature of the artistic process is such that the artist can make as good use of repulsive as of attractive material, and since the beginning of the nineteenth century it has been the repulsive rather than the attractive that has been the preoccupation of art. Lawrence

and Joyce, to name only two Europeans, have based the great part of their work on the simple theme of repulsive environment. That they were forced to flee from this environment so that they might fully exploit it is of no consequence, just as, on the whole, the emigration and "expatriation" of the American artist is of no essential consequence. The question of whether America is an inhabitable country is not immediately relevant to the present point. The question that concerns us is whether Americans can produce an art comparable in quality to that of Europe since the beginning of the last century—an art of revolt, produced, we must remember, by men who were constantly fleeing from their native land.

But even if it be granted that it is possible for the American artist to survive, has he a scene which will yield fertile to artistic treatment? Our Spenglerian critics will admit the validity of repulsive environment as an artistic theme, but they will assert that American life is of such a sort that even its repulsiveness cannot be treated. That is, it is so mechanized that nothing can be isolated for art. But this view is scarcely an accurate one, if only because it implies the existence of a kind of order and perfection. And perfection and order of even so debased a form as here implied do not exist in America; what we have is rather disorder under a superficial regimentation.

The material of art has always been the relation of man to himself, of man to fellow-man, of man to the universe. This material still exists, it is still the natural material of art, and in America it is being made both more subtle and more momentous.

If the existence of such material in America be admitted, it becomes impossible to deny the validity of an art which uses it. The indifference of the American public, for whom interest in art is not the major activity it conceivably should be, cannot invalidate it. The validity of art's function does not depend on the breadth or immediacy of its reception; we do not deny validity to Jeremiah's writing because it was not heeded.

If, then, the artist can survive in America, if he has a scene superbly ripe for artistic exploitation, if art still can have validity in America, why has so little art of major importance come out of us? Within limits, the process of the artistic mind reduces every environment to a common denominator, so that the philosophic worlds of Joyce, of Thomas Mann, of D. H. Lawrence, of Gide and Proust are substantially our philosophic world. And yet we have not had men who could treat our actual world in terms comparable to any of these.

It is difficult to state an all-inclusive reason for this failure. Perhaps there is no reason; perhaps in the last decade we have, by mere bad luck, lacked talent. But of this we can be certain: there can be no more disastrous critical move than to lift the blame for this failure from the artist and to place it on the environment. Such a shift, it is true, is in accord with a habit of modern thought in other fields, for example, criminology. But if there is one class of modern man that may be held accountable for its acts, it is the artist class. Nothing could more surely hasten the extinction of the artist than to convince him that he is a mere creature of his immediate environment.

This being the case, the function of the American critic becomes clear. He must cease making obeisance to "en-

vironment" and teach the artist that he too must heed his own god. He must make clear to the artist what the function of the artist is—which is not to be a mere literal expression of the life of his race but the imaginative understander, the wise investigator, the angry revolutionist. In short, the critic must help to restore to the artist something of his old function of seer and teacher. It does not much matter if the seer's vision or the teacher's precept be disregarded at the time of its utterance. It is a fate in which history will provide a fine array of colleagues.

Once art was synonymous with social rebellion and was therefore a cause of dread to the respectable. But now in America—if we may judge by any of our critics—the artist is deeply hurt because he cannot be at one with the establishment, because he cannot be a folk-artist whose art evolves, through the accidental medium of himself, out of the consciousness of the folk. But the salvation of American art certainly lies not in a greater rapprochement with the environment, but in its becoming subversive and dangerous to the social order.

The implications of this must not be mistaken. The art of simple realism and naive propaganda is essentially never dangerous. Inevitably it betrays itself in the half-truths which are the sure results of that lack of clear perception and precise expression which we call bad style. How true this is, the social literature of America in the past fifteen years will show. Two great tasks confront the American writer—the acquisition of considerable knowledge and the construction of a completely efficient style. One thinks of men—Mr. Dos Passos comes to mind, Mr. Edward Dahlberg—who understand the problem in large part and who are attempting, with a very fair measure of success, to solve it. They perceive the madness and hysteria in our life and they are rendering it admirably. Such writers should not be badgered with the insistence that their work is of no avail.

## Uncle Mells and the Witches' Tree

By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

He said he was tired and sore all day,  
His bones were stiff and his joints were tight.  
The witches had turned him into a horse,  
And they rode him all that night.

They rode him out by Briartown,  
And they stopped by a tree and peeled some switches;  
They broke them long and peeled them keen—  
Two for each of the witches.

He made the sparks fly out of the stones,  
And he swam a creek where there wasn't a ford,  
Two witches holding onto his back,  
And the moon went down in blood. . . .

When we asked him where they let him go,  
And what kind of switches they were, said he,  
"I wouldn't dare name that tree," he said,  
"I wouldn't dare name that tree."

## After Reading a History of Biology

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

I cannot jostle air so fervently  
secure of self as once I did; unheard  
my bones upon each other, and unheard  
the clocks of blood and diverse eulogy  
of nerves to sometimes sun and sometimes earth  
grasped in the foot or trodden by the eye.  
A million patient men have made me worth  
to my own brain the years before I die.

I ask them life; for data give my root,  
incline the mold whereby my second egg  
hatches the thing repute in which I beg  
cognizance in the world, and wedge a foot  
upon oblivion. They tell me, "You should see  
a stone's life mutual to yours; a grass  
coeval yours in immortality;  
as tragic as your lung a breath's impasse."

With pride the primal democrat I meet,  
the atom in my flesh, the all-one sib  
to any universe; like man he's glib  
with his sole self but frightened in the street  
of his concretion. Strange to him, as is  
to us an ice age or a fresh fired star,  
is spirit that we wind, parenthesis  
by use, halo by desire, round what we are.

Hear now, my body, you must earn a soul  
if your event a lasting shadow leave,  
that so can serve you; make your sinews grieve  
with labor as this million did whose pole  
more than your spine supports you. You may then  
survive your atom, contemplate serene  
a world more populous with souls than men  
who make your earth all memory, and green.

## Books

### An Exquisite Materialist

*The Realm of Matter.* By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

THE present volume completes what its author, with an ironic smile, introduced seven years ago as "one more system of philosophy." In "Scepticism and Animal Faith," the introduction to that philosophy, he sought to show that the main inadequacy of all preceding skeptical philosophies—no matter how radically Pyrrhonic they might appear at first glance—was that they were not nearly skeptical enough: at some point they tacitly assumed either what they had previously denied or something else perhaps even more dubious. A thoroughgoing skepticism, he sought to show, must inevitably end in the conclusion that nothing whatever is known to exist, not even the thinker who arrives at the conclusion. The most skeptical philosophic argument, before it can get under way at

all, must rest somewhere on some assumption or assumptions that it cannot prove, and Mr. Santayana insisted that these obligatory assumptions must lie in that irreducible "animal faith" by which we are hourly obliged to act and to live.

The way was then clear for him to discuss the two great "realms of being." The first of these, the "Realm of Essence," was considered in the book of that title which appeared two years ago. The book was purely dialectical, and at once the most difficult and the dullest that its author has ever written. It was curiously medieval in tone and spirit—in its lack of reference to modern science, in its endless fine distinctions, in its use of such terms as "essence" and "substance," and most of all in its preoccupations. An essence, in Mr. Santayana's use of the term, might be briefly described as a quality, form, or pattern considered apart from its material basis. The realm of essence, according to Santayana, embraces the entire realm of possibility; it is therefore "far more garrulous than nature, herself not laconic." It includes not only every quality or form that exists, but that could be imagined, or even that transcends imagination.

I cannot myself attach very great importance to this realm of essence, huge as it is. My logic, I fear, is not sufficiently accurate or subtle to expose the lurking fallacies or assumptions in Mr. Santayana's argument in detail; but it seems to me that, on the psychological side, this realm of essence, infinite, eternal, and serene, is essentially a compensation, a substitute for religion, affording Mr. Santayana's soul a sanctuary from a noisy and chaotic world; while on the logical side, I suspect that the entire realm of essence may be nothing more than a dubious hypostasis, resting ultimately on an accident of grammar.

In the present (and concluding) volume, "The Realm of Matter," Mr. Santayana comes back to more tangible concerns, and I find him far more convincing and delightful. Not, to be sure, that I read the book without moments of irritation. There is about it that same odd medieval atmosphere, the result, in part, of what sometimes seems an intentionally archaic diction, and in part of a delight in dialectic for its own sake, resembling the joy that a Persian rug-maker might derive from weaving his intricate design. But it is again chiefly by the problems that preoccupy him that Mr. Santayana's mind seems so alien to our time, so homesick for the seventeenth century or the Athens of Plato. For this volume on Matter, appearing in 1930, is strangely indifferent to the problems—many of them almost, if not actually, metaphysical in nature—that absorb contemporary physicists. There are one or two perfunctory references, it is true, to Einstein and to Newton, but none whatever to Eddington, Whitehead, Planck, Bohr, or any other living physicist or philosopher. The volume is studded, on the other hand, with references to the views of Democritus, Descartes, Lucretius, Leibnitz, Plotinus, Spinoza, Malebranche, Socrates, and Aristotle.

Mr. Santayana adds to the reader's difficulties not only by a poetic vocabulary, with such words as "idolatry" for "prejudice," "passion" for "emotion," "spirit" for "mind," and so on, but by using a number of crucial words in a special sense of his own. His use of "trope," for example, bears no definite relation to the usual dictionary meaning of the word, and the "psyche" (with which he nearly always uses, incidentally, the feminine pronoun), does not mean the soul, the mind, or the spirit, as one might naturally expect, but a sort of combination of body and mind, the living organism considered as a unit.

These would be fatal defects in the work of almost any other modern philosopher; but Mr. Santayana is so richly gifted that all such vagaries, in the end, are almost forgotten beside the fundamental honesty of his thinking, his penetration, ironic wit, brilliant imagery, and a rhythmic prose that makes even the subtlest argument also a melody. He seems to me more delightful when he is attacking someone else's ideas than when he

is directly expounding his own, and my favorite chapters in the present volume are those in which he undermines the pretensions of teleology and uncovers the latent materialism of idealists.

For Mr. Santayana is an uncompromising materialist, in the sense that he believes firmly in the reality of the external world. "The postulate of substance—the assumption that there are things and events prior to the discovery of them and independent of this discovery—underlies all natural knowledge." The denial of that postulate "rescinds that animal faith, or that common sense, which is the beginning of art and of science and their perpetual presupposition." The belief in substance "must always remain an assumption, but one without which an active and intelligent creature cannot honestly act or think"; we cannot, in fact, outgrow materialism without outgrowing belief altogether. If the world were that described in such an idealism as Berkeley's, history would all be contained in mirrors, themselves existing in no temporal medium. A man can become a complete idealist "only by forgetting himself, and not inquiring into the origin or meaning of his quite contingent existence and quite arbitrary visions."

Why, then, is materialism in such ill-repute with philosophers? Why is there a prejudice against the word Matter in quarters "even where the thing and all its uses are most honored"? Mr. Santayana believes that part of this prejudice is the result of inadequate and absurd conceptions of matter, which select some special manifestation, such as deadness or heaviness, extension or impenetrability, as its essence. But that is merely a stone-cutter's view. The human body is material, and snowflakes and waterfalls, thunder and lightning, wind and sunshine: "weight and figure are not more characteristic of matter than are explosiveness, swiftness, fertility, and radiation." Another prejudice against matter, which we have been encountering frequently of late in the essays of the new humanists, rests on the astonishing notion that in a material universe there would be no place for values. But Mr. Santayana, as a genuine and profound humanist, has always seen the absurdity of confusing an objective (or at least unbiased) description of the universe with human aims and wishes. "The truth cannot dictate to us the esteem in which we shall hold it: that is not a question of fact but of preference." None the less, we must not blind ourselves to the part that our material constitution bears in determining what our preferences shall be:

Reason is not a force contrary to the passions, but a harmony possible among them. Except in their interests it could have no point of application, nothing to beautify, nothing to dominate. It is therefore by a complete illusion, though an excusable one, that the spirit denies its material basis, and calls its body a prison or a tomb.

HENRY HAZLITT

## Theories of Criticism

*The New Criticism.* Edited by Edwin Berry Burgum. Prentice and Hall. \$2.50.

HERE is an admirable anthology of modern aesthetics and literary criticism, including essays from all the important modern critics of literature. The book answers, indirectly and by implication, the new humanists, who as a group are interested chiefly in the philosophical and moral significance of a work of art. The essayists included here are concerned rather with the aesthetic problems of style and form, which they seek to solve not in the light of traditional theorizing about aesthetic problems, but through a psychological approach, by a study of the creative process and of the pleasurable reaction to works of art. Within these limits the book is,

of course, controversial, since the several writers do not reach the same conclusions. The essays of I. A. Richards on *The Poetic Experience* and on *Poetry and Beliefs*, along with the essay of DeWitt Parker on *The Problem of Aesthetic Form*, will illustrate the possible differences in method and result. Such controversy is by its very nature enlightening, and anyone reading the various critics here presented will come upon most of the problems discussed in criticism today.

Mr. Burgum's selection of essays is excellent: we find all the important modern aestheticians included. T. S. Eliot is represented by his essay *Tradition and the Individual Talent*; Ramon Fernandez by his two essays *Autobiography* and the *Novel and On Classicism*; Laurence Buermyer by *Art and the Ivory Tower*; Elie Faure by *On Civilization*; Edwin Muir by James Joyce; and Oswald Spengler by *The Arts of Form*, to mention only a few.

The editor has, moreover, given in his introduction a very valuable review of the history of criticism and of the methods once employed in contrast with those used at present. Such an anthology as this has been needed for some time to make this material more easy of access.

EDA LOU WALTON

## Henry Adams

*Letters of Henry Adams, 1858-1891.* Edited by Worthington C. Ford. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

THE publication of this handsome volume, uniform with the small quarto edition of the "Education," raises interesting surmises as to what may be called the case of Henry Adams. During his life he cared nothing about winning a wide circle of readers, nor, with the possible exception of two brilliant novels—one published anonymously and the other under a pseudonym—were his writings of a sort that might have been expected to be popular. He died in 1918, in the midst of the wild ballyhoo of war news, and his death was scarcely mentioned in the papers. Yet his fame and popularity have been growing unexpectedly and marvelously. The "Education," the copyright of which had been left to a historical society, amazed everyone by selling by the tens of thousands. Portions of that and even of "Mont-Saint-Michel," have run serially in a popular magazine. Within the past few months articles on him have appeared in three others. His "Letters" now are published in a volume of over five hundred pages. His "Collected Works," edited by the writer, with a biography, are at the moment in press in an edition of twelve volumes. To my knowledge three other men are at work on or contemplating biographies, and for all I know, there may be a dozen more. It is not a question of mere timeliness, for he has now been in his unmarked grave for more than a dozen years. It is clear that his writing is filling some need of the present generation, the generation, as far as I can make out, of the men around thirty. The problem is not to be resolved within the narrow compass of a review, but its presence adds a new interest to the first printed collection of his letters.

These begin with Adams in Germany as a young man, scarcely more than a boy. From then on the places from which they are dated range all over the world—Italy, Egypt, France, England, America, the West Indies, the scattered islands of the Pacific, Japan, ending in Paris in 1891. Those which were written during the seventeen years of life which yet remained are held for future publication, but in a sense the story is complete as we have it here. By 1891 the lines of his life and character were set, his mind was formed, the greatest emotional experiences had been lived through, his wide-ranging travels were over. Still in store were the annual shifts from a quiet

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life in America to an equally quiet one in Europe, a social life of interest and charm, a gathering of intellectual harvests in his best-known two volumes. Although the later letters will undoubtedly contain much of interest, we have now nevertheless, in those published and in the "Education," the main body of self-revealing writings from Adams's own pen. The rest will be gleanings.

It is clear that although we can use the term "self-revealing" with regard to Adams only in a very limited sense, the present volume is of prime importance for a study of the man. There had already been available scattered in print a few score of letters of his later period, and the immensely valuable ones of the Civil War years published in "A Cycle of Adams Letters," also edited by Mr. Ford. These latter are now supplemented by fifty-five pages of hitherto unpublished material, but in the years before 1861 and after 1868 this new volume is practically our only source beyond the "Education." That extraordinary autobiography was written when Adams was sixty-seven. There are not a few slips of memory in it; and it is, of course, the story of his life and mind in retrospect as viewed and toyed with by a fairly old man who had chosen to adopt an ironical pose. The letters enable us to check it at many points by his own contemporary self. In general, they validate the reminiscent autobiographer, though not in all respects. His interest in art, as a boy in Germany, for example, was evidently much keener than the ironical and disillusioned older man would lead us to believe. The development of character, however, is consistent, and the pose appears early, the difference between the letters and the "Education" being that in the earlier years the letters are shot through with youthful enthusiasms that are more natural and convincing than the all-gray tone of the later irony. Adams early "sized himself up," as the saying goes. Aside from earlier passages in letters to his brother, C. F. Adams, we may quote from one of 1869:

I have told you before that I mean to be unpopular, and do it because I must do it, or do as other people do, and give up the path I chose for myself years ago. . . . You like the strife of the world. I detest it and despise it. You work for power. I work for my own satisfaction. You like roughness and strength; I like taste and dexterity.

He did not like the "repulsive bareness" of the Scotch mountains and was more than willing to leave our own West "in the possession of the noble savage without a pang. He may wander at will in the alkali for all of me."

If the letters help to interpret the "Education" in many places and in illuminating passages, they also supplement it with many facts. Adams himself left a gap of twenty years in his autobiography. That gap is in part filled in his "Letters." Particularly for the period following the tragedy of his life we now have a considerable mass of material. The long journeys through the Pacific, the object of which "is to tire myself out till home becomes rest," Adams had himself left unrecorded. Over one hundred and fifty pages of the "Letters" deal with the incidents and thoughts on the two voyages. A few covering this period had been printed in "Letters to a Niece," written to a young girl for her delectation, but Mr. Ford gives us the long journal letters to Mrs. Don Cameron, which provide far better and fuller descriptions of the daily incidents of travel and the contacts with native life. Henry Adams, unlike his brother Charles, was apt to be at his best with women. In his relations with very young ones, there was a strain of half-bantering sentimentality, but in these long, descriptive, wholly unsentimental letters to a woman of mature age, though younger than himself, we get the first real revelation of his restless voyagings in search of peace.

It would be easy to quote at length many passages illustrating Adams's aims, mind, and character, but that is a task

best left to the reader. A word of warning may be sounded. Personally I am very fond of letters, but any large collection read en masse is apt to create a false impression. A recipient gets his own, at intervals. The writer knows this. But, and this is especially true when there is any marked idiosyncrasy of style or pose or even whimsy, a great number read at once tends to overemphasize the mere idiosyncrasies, and to give a somewhat unfair and false impression. A reading of these letters and of the "Education" raises in my mind the old question of what is the best presentation of any man—his letters, his autobiography, or a biography? In Adams's case I am inclined to think that the genuine portrait awaits the biographer, but the subject will test a man's qualities to the utmost as gentleman and scholar. The motto over the dark portal in Dante may well be pondered by others. Meanwhile Mr. Ford, who is so eminently both, has given those of us who are interested in one of the most significant personalities in American life and letters a volume comparable in importance only to the "Education" itself.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

## Introducing Franz Kafka

*The Castle.* By Franz Kafka. Translated from the German by Edwin and Willa Muir. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN time much is sure to be written of Franz Kafka, for he is inevitably sure of a place, if only on the strength of this posthumous unfinished novel, among the foremost writers of our time. On the occasion of his introduction to the American public, however, one can hope simply to recommend him to the attention of that discriminating minority to whom essentially his appeal is limited and who will eventually construct his fame for him.

In the first place, it is difficult to do more than recommend "The Castle," because time and many rereadings are required to understand it. After a few pages one appreciates that its hero, known simply as K., has arrived at a village which in spite of its inns and telephones is timeless and unreal; that the castle which towers above the village is not a castle at all; that K.'s desire—and inability—to reach the castle are the expression of a religious struggle and defeat; that the endless minutiae of his relations with castle "officials" constitute by no means a satire on bureaucracy, as they might seem to do, but are instead a minutely exact description of certain theological realities which demand an extraordinary amount of patience and delicacy to be perceived. And at the end of the book one is so unusually impressed by its solidity of conception and execution that although its inner meaning is still not entirely clear, one feels that with time and reflection one could come to an understanding of every portion of its rich and intricate symbolism.

"The Castle," then, is an allegory; but it is also a remarkably bold, original, confident, well-made work of art. Its symbolism is by no means cut-and-dried, but always concrete and mysterious. Its mysteriousness, moreover, bears a subtle relation to the mysteriousness of the predicament in which the hero finds himself. K. comes to the village a stranger, and discovers that everyone is familiar with the laws of the castle, and resigned to them, except himself. He has to learn each of them painfully from the regular inhabitants. No obedience is commanded of him by the castle—he is given no orders; he is even provided for and cheered on—but after a while, of his own free will, he begins to desire to lose his independence and to obey. Slowly he relinquishes all hope of ever reaching the castle, and seeks only to find a place and a calling for himself in the village. He came there to be a land surveyor, but he is willing to stay on as the janitor of the school. (In his

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excellent postscript Herr Max Brod, Kafka's literary executor, remarks that the primitive "need to be rooted in a home and a calling, and to become a member of a community" had for Kafka a "religious significance," being "simply the right life, the right way.") There is not space to tell the rest of K.'s history, but, briefly, "The Castle" might be described as the record of a life in terms of the perceptions of a soul.

Perhaps the most interesting and valuable message of this religious novel, so decidedly a product of the twentieth century, is that of humility. With what relentless art is this unpopular theme developed and driven home! So sternly is the godless modern reader reminded of K.'s irremediable lowliness (and his own) that more than once, caught helplessly in a net of disagreeable truth, he actually loses his temper. There was a fine balance in Kafka between the artist and the moralist.

Perhaps it should be stated that Kafka was a German-Bohemian Jew, and died of tuberculosis in 1925 at the age of forty-two. It is fortunate for his reputation that his work has been championed by two such understanding critics as Herr Brod and Mr. Edwin Muir. The essays that they have contributed to this volume add considerably to one's appreciation of it. Let us hope that they will soon permit us to see the other two posthumous novels, the short stories, and the deleted fragments.

GERALD SYKES

## Disillusion, Late and Early

*Memoirs of an Infantry Officer.* By Siegfried Sassoon. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

THE war never robbed Siegfried Sassoon of his consciousness of himself as an individual. Even during the first years, when he wished it to be a great experience, it never completely absorbed him nor stripped him of his identity. It never made him anything but a nominal member of the army. Under its pressure the diffident, sensitive fox-hunting man (who continues in this sequel to "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" to represent Sassoon) became a thoughtful, determined objector to the prolonged and futile slaughter of men. That the officials were moved to receive and treat his one outburst of censure as the result of shell-shock in no way modifies the force of the gesture.

Looking backward Sassoon permits himself only the quietest kind of sarcasm. As in "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," his full meaning is left to inference, to be searched out of the easy flow of words or within the richly colored pictures and clear, brief characterizations which constitute his style. A country gentleman takes time between bomb-throwing to note the changes in the seasons, to identify the birds and flowers, to watch the sky for portents about the weather, to read, to think a great deal about Kent and Sussex, even to hunt when the occasion arose. The result is a book about the war depending for its quality on none of the essentials which most of the recent war books emphasize. There is no more about sex than in "Journey's End," no loud bitterness, no coarseness, no exaggerated attitudes or emotions. Death, suffering, and horror are mentioned with mild cynicism: "... there is nothing remarkable about a dead body in a European war..." There is nothing remarkable, from a soldier's point of view, perhaps, about a young man who patrolled No Man's Land alone in order to rest the exhausted soldiers who had been ordered to do it, but there is something remarkable in the fact that that same young man became convinced that the whole carnage was unnecessary. Sassoon's detachment, together with his acuteness as a poet, gives his book an unusual, composite unity. The war never grew in his mind beyond the figure of a monstrous intruder among the normal ways of men and their universe.

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Moments occur, it is true, when one regrets the absence of the grim resentment which distinguished Sassoon's war poems and the lectures he delivered here in America. Time has not effaced the convictions, but it has softened and restrained the written word. The book is temperate as history, but as pleasant writing and the testimony of one man's lost faith and incorruptible integrity it is uncommonly satisfactory. The question, however, persists as to whether or not, by dealing with doubting, critical soldiers as victims of nerves, Britain avoided the possibility of any fervent English emulation of Barbusse.

FLORENCE CODMAN

## Little Edwardians

*The Edwardians.* By V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

"THE EDWARDIANS" is a gentle, well-bred, and highly sentimentalized picture of the declining days of the English aristocracy. To judge from the elaborate literary apparatus Miss Sackville-West employs, one supposes that she intended a scandalously bitter satire. It is true that the book has been so accepted in England, where even the most intelligent of critics appear to view the nobility from the standpoint of a housemaid devouring Society Tidbits. But it is doubtful whether Americans will look upon Miss Sackville-West's rose-water exposé as anything more than a neatly arranged waxwork exhibition of comical horrors.

What a pitiful lot they were, these Edwardians! A chattering crowd of moth-eaten old ladies and gentlemen, tittering and self-conscious in their adulteries, epidermal or merely fashionable in their sensuality, a million miles away from their lusty seventeenth-century ancestors. They believed themselves the rulers of England because they produced, every generation or so, a score of real aristocrats who had as much in common with their "peers" as with the meanest peasant. On what did they pride themselves? Their taste? Romneys and Raeburns, *petit-point* chairs, Coromandel screens, mahogany doors, jeweled clocks, crystal rabbits—why, the home-made furniture of a Tweedside cotter was an unconscious reflection of far better taste than was evidenced in the most expensive London drawing-room of 1900. Their culture? They despised or (the same thing) patronized the arts and sciences; reduced conversation to the back-fence gabble of fishwives; and the "code" on which they laid so much stress had no real independent existence. The aristocracy Miss Sackville-West believes she is depicting was nothing but a fief of the invisible manor of the lower classes. Its code was a function of the hero-worship of inferiors. It was essentially vulgar because it had one eye cocked on the admiration of gutter-snipes. Take away the gutter-snipes and not too much is left of the aristocracy. If these people had been *really* instead of traditionally arrogant, inalienable in their superiority, there would have been at least an aesthetic excuse for them. But they betrayed their weakness by their repeated proclamations that they were fulfilling a social duty by being "an example to the lower classes."

Theirs was a civilization which had no form—merely a pattern. The author draws an amusing parallel between the society above and the society below stairs at Chevron, the country house which is the major scene of her novel. But the limitations of her caste-mind prevent her from following out the final implications of the analogy. Mrs. Wickenden, the housekeeper, and Vigeon, the butler, stand at the head of a hierarchy just as complicated and inflexible as the "real" aristocracy which it apes. They represent a social culture which is, at bottom, interchangeable with that of the masters. What do the masters deem important? Manners, poise, the homage due to

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rank, tact in the spreading of infamy, the ability to be elegantly bored, and an inside knowledge of the minor doings of the major people. But it is precisely by these things that the servants live, it is precisely these things that they know and value. Yet one can tell the aristocrats from the serfs by one salient difference: the masters, having no jobs to hold, can afford to philander; and the slaves, who must work or die, merely long to. As for wit, insight, intelligence, courage, gentleness of heart—all of which made up the Renaissance aristocratic ideal—neither masters nor slaves paid any attention to these things. For these are peculiar to the really masterly; and the aristocrats of "The Edwardians" have become unaristocratic simply because they have protected themselves too efficiently against any incursion of the struggle for existence.

The hollowness of their pretensions is nicely brought out by the hero, Sebastian, the young lord of Chevron, who, because he is bored, stages a revolt against the prejudices of his class. But his very revolt is affected and gutless. Having been carefully educated to think poorly and to indulge himself like a pampered animal, Sebastian is incapable of more than a melancholy cynicism at his own expense and two or three inane love affairs conducted below his own social level. Miss Sackville-West tries to make the plight of her sensual little prig heavily symbolic; but the hero is a featherweight and so his tragedy is pinchbeck.

It is apparent that the author is in general aware of the three qualities which distinguish her characters: vulgarity, stupidity, and brutality. But she lacks either the skill or the courage to do more than poke a little fun at them, accompanied by a poetic sigh that all this lovely, if empty, pageantry must pass away. One feels that she cannot escape her own tradition; her satire is half admiration. She delights in long (and damnable dull) descriptions of aristocratic dinners and clothes—and then remembers that she is intelligent enough to be able to mock at these things. The whole treatment recalls those ladies who scoff cynically at the vapid social round without which, in very truth, they would collapse like pricked balloons. Miss Sackville-West's *enfant-terrible* air is heightened by the hushed naughtiness with which she refers to the rakish adventures of Edward VII, to the "discreet one-horse brougham . . . outside a certain door," and so forth.

For the rest, "The Edwardians" is a feeble and repetitious performance, entirely unworthy of the clever author of "Seducers in Ecuador" or the moving one of "The Land." It is a social error in what one hopes will yet prove a brilliant career.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

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The primary cause of general overproduction, to state Mr. Hobson's argument in a sentence, is bad distribution, putting too much income into the hands of the richer classes, who can do nothing but invest it, and too little into the hands of the poorer groups, who want to raise their standard of living, and who must be relied on to furnish most of the market for consumable goods. This result is practically inevitable under our scheme of capitalism as at present operated. The surplus over costs produced by industry, a surplus constantly augmented by the progress of technology and organization, belongs to the owners of business, who almost automatically reinvest it. To quote again:

The undue concentration upon the saving represented by enlargement and improvement of material capital and the neglect of the saving represented in enlarged and improved labor capacity constitute a chief defect in the operation of modern capitalism and in the economic thinking formed by it.

Investment in "improved labor capacity" through high wages and other methods, making the distribution of income less unequal, is also, be it noted, a means of keeping up general consuming power, thus assuring that steady expansion of the market the periodical lack of which is the cause of recurrent periods of business depression and unemployment. Continuous prosperity requires, then, a right balance between investment in material capital on the one hand and growing and improved current consumption on the other. In the existing scheme, we rely on changes in the rate of interest to induce changes in the amount of saving and thus to maintain such a balance. Mr. Hobson maintains basically that for the reason given above this scheme fails, producing almost automatically a relative "oversaving." The history of the past century and a half, in my judgment, proves that he is right.

If the decisions of capital owners guided by the interest rate do not yield the required balance, how shall we get it? Mr. Hobson urges, first of all, the increase of wages, not only in proportion to production (with which they have conspicuously failed to keep pace), but what is distinctly more, to productive power. Specifically, he maintains that the power of price-fixing by private business in order to make maximum profits has got to be controlled; and in the case of "close monopoly in a vital industry" he comes out squarely for public management. He favors a surplus-profits tax so arranged as to stimulate supply and a low price level, and strongly approves heavy taxation in general for the development of social services:

Such taxation confers the double benefit of reducing the maldistribution of the real income of the economic community in favor of the workers, and thereby of procuring an expansion of markets which stimulates increased production by enlarging the employment of capital and labor.

The establishment of the right balance between saving and spending, so sadly lacking in our present order, would do more than put an end to the disastrous movement of the business cycle, with its periods of industrial prostration and unemployment. In Mr. Hobson's judgment the increase of wages might mean the development of higher wants, calling for goods less amenable to the machine process and requiring labor more individualized and skilful, and therefore less costly in the important sense of life-cost. It might likewise mean an increased appreciation of leisure and an increased wisdom in using it. To quote another striking sentence:

The supreme test of our economic intelligence is our willingness and ability so to organize the use of our growing "surplus" that after the real needs of economic maintenance and progress have been met, the whole of the remainder may be directed to providing the economic support and the leisure needed for the general enlargement and enrichment of non-economic life.

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## A Catholic Novelist

*The Family.* By François Mauriac. Translated from the French by Lewis Galantière. Covici-Friede. \$2.

THIS volume contains two of Mauriac's best-known short novels, "The Kiss to the Leper" and "Génitrix," both laid in the Bordeaux forest country which is the setting for all his best work, the two held lightly together by the fact of the family relationship existing between the Cazenaves of the second story and the dominating Péloueyres of the first.

Into the souls of a few of these people of the pines, of a few representatives of this family of bourgeois forest owners, Mauriac throws the light of his understanding. In Mauriac, who is a Catholic, that faint strain of irony which colors the whole of "Madame Bovary," that aloofness of the scientific spirit which characterizes the unbelievers among the French regional novelists are missing. There is a simplicity in his play upon his themes; and this often leads him to overload the slender threads of his stories with emotion. He does not look down on his people from the twin godlike heights of pity and irony. He is the father confessor, a little naïve, probing gently but with firmness into the sins and disquietudes of people whom, he is sure, he understands so well.

But this may be misleading to those who have not read Mauriac. He does not obtrude the subject of religion, nor does he evade any phase of life or attitude of mind which touches his characters. He is the literary artist, one who happens to be a Catholic. He is a realist, but one who can no more leave his religious nature out of his work than any other artist can deny or conceal that which directs his spirit.

"The Kiss to the Leper" tells of the married life of Jean Péloueyre, the dwarfed and ugly son of the leading family of the district, and the handsome, simple, and virtuous Noëmi, a life which is bitter to both of them. Each suffers in silence. The pious wife, in her simplicity, strives to conceal the loathing which his body arouses in her. The husband cannot, in his self-humiliation, express his love. And so he dies because he can no longer bear to inflict himself upon her.

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"Génitrix" is the more profound story. Indeed, it is the finest of all the novels of its author that I have read, a little masterpiece in its perceptions, in its suggestiveness, in the bits of illuminating truth that flash from its pages. Oftentimes it is these things in the Mauriac novels rather than the stories as units or the central themes that are most rewarding. In the weakling, middle-aged son of the Cazenave family, ruled and adored by his Péloueyre mother, ruled by her even after his marriage to Mathilde and until Mathilde dies, when the dead woman gains the ascendancy and controls him until the mother, in her turn, dies also—in this flabby, unreleased soul Mauriac has seen and been able to reveal glimpses of motives and impulses that are no less universal because they are so profoundly concealed. If one wishes merely to sample a French novelist who is much better known in Europe than he is here, one could do no better than to read this story.

Mr. Galantière has provided a translation of unusual beauty.

FRED T. MARSH

## The Mexican

*Tepoztlán—A Mexican Village.* By Robert Redfield. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

*Mexican Immigration to the United States.* By Manuel Gamio. University of Chicago Press. \$3.

**T**HESE excellent books complement each other. One shows the Mexican in his native habitat; the other, as he becomes, uprooted and transplanted across the border, an immigrant in a strange land.

Robert Redfield's intimate study of the daily life, customs, and beliefs of the inhabitants of the Morelos mountain town of Tepoztlán is pioneer research. Its only Mexican precedent is Gamio's monumental but less intensive three-volume survey of the people of the Valley of Teotihuacan in the state of Mexico. Mr. Redfield is an ethnologist. And while he modestly deprecates the insufficiency of his eight months' village residence, his findings are of unusual value, and almost indispensable among works published in English for an understanding of our southern neighbor.

He begins by emphasizing the disparity, so vital in Mexico, between the official material relating to national history—government, foreign policy, and the like—and the actual folkways of a nation composed largely of "folk-people." And here is the heart of the whole Mexican puzzle. Mr. Redfield has laid it bare, chiefly by dispassionate recording, occasionally by shrewd and sympathetic comment.

Thus, in this collection of cliff villages, scarce sixty miles from the capital as the crow flies, Nahua, the tongue of the Aztecs, still prevails. Four hundred years after Cortez, these villagers specialize, as before the Conquest, in the manufacture of a few useful articles, trading them for other necessities in the markets of similar communities. Many pre-Columbian patterns persist, especially in cookery utensils and house furnishings. For, as Mr. Redfield points out, with the exception of iron-working, which soon made obsolete Indian technique in stone, bone, shell, and copper, the Spaniards supplemented rather than supplanted the native craftsmanship. Highly valuable is the classification of the Indian, Spanish, and mixed elements in the Tepoztlano's daily life.

The essence of Mr. Redfield's exposition may be sensed from the following profound lines:

In Tepoztlán, as in other simple societies, the pulse of life is measured more directly than it is with us by the great clocks of the sky. Life everywhere is not a sustained adjustment, but a series of crises and lyses, an alternation of tension and release. The movement of this rhythm is

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set in the first instance by astronomical recurrences. The rotation of the earth, the revolution of the earth around the sun, even the waxing and waning of the moon constitute the metronome of human interests. Upon these cadences of nature the simpler people are more directly dependent. Elsewhere, artificial heat and light and the interchange of products of different climates go far toward making one hour, or day, or month like another. But while in Tepoztlán the clock in the tower of the Palacio Municipal strikes the hours, the sound of its bell reaches the ears of a small number of the inhabitants, and all are far more attentive to the chronometers of sunset and sunrise, and of wet season and dry.

Dr. Gamio has demonstrated how fascinating and freighted with human interest a presumably dry subject may be made. Fortunately also an ethnologist, he has illumined his treatise on Mexican immigration to the United States with the full implication of chronological and racial disparities. For it is Mr. Redfield's villager—from a thousand mesa and sierra pueblos—who comes to the United States in search of a livelihood. We learn what manner of man he is, why he comes, what happens to him here. Despite social prejudice and economic discrimination and exploitation, Dr. Gamio believes that "as a whole . . . Mexican immigrants are bettered in the United States in various ways." But "although contact with American civilization is of benefit to them, and they adopt some of its characteristics, the majority never become integrally assimilated to American civilization."

Dr. Gamio's conclusion is that while transient immigration is beneficial to both countries from the economic standpoint, permanent immigration is harmful to both. His suggestions for the control of immigration are particularly needed in the face of such rough-hewn and discriminatory legislation as the Harris bill.

ERNEST GRUENING

## Richard and Cosima

*Cosima Wagner*. By Richard, Count du Moulin-Eckart. Translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. \$10.

SO tumultuous was the wordy tempest raging for years about the doughty little figure of Richard Wagner, and prolonging its violence far beyond his death, that one might fancy the deposed gods of Valhalla had testily summoned the elements in a vain attempt to destroy the presumptuous human who had celebrated their shame in imperishable music. While its fury has long since abated, the storm still lingers along the horizon with futile mutterings of "the truth about Wagner."

Aside from attacks upon Wagner's artistic conceptions and the technical methods of their embodiment, perhaps the bitterest contention has circled about the question of whether or not the composer, harassed as he was by incessant worries from without and by his irascible temperament from within, would have been able to finish the huge tetralogy of "The Ring" had not Cosima Liszt von Bülow braved disrepute to become his devoted companion. Every student of musical genius has pored over the reams of controversy, trying to reach a decision about the real character of the woman who left her husband in 1866, lived with Wagner without benefit of clergy until their marriage in 1870, and shielded him with her loving care while he wrought the towering finials of his life work. The debate, once so acrimonious, is a debate no more, for the Graf du Moulin-Eckart has spoken the crushing rebuttal in his exhaustive study of Cosima, in which he adduces the irrefutable evidence of her diaries.

Wagner's granitic self-confidence was split by a tiny crack of doubt that the world saw only in its effect upon his conduct

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toward his associates. He was entirely conscious of his genius, and he had a superb belief in his powers of accomplishment, but his mind could not rest at peace without the assurance of others. From those who professed to admire and love him he exacted complete subservience; their faith in him must be absolute, their obedience to his whims unquestioning, that his own faith in himself might feel no tremor of dubiety. For such an immolation of personality he sought vainly until Cosima came to him.

In this minutely detailed biography, which ends with the death of Wagner and will be completed later in a work on "The Lady of Bayreuth," one sees that Cosima's nature was essentially that of an impassioned devotee. What she asked of life was self-fulfilment through service. She would have lavished her altruistic zeal on her father, had not Liszt held his children at arm's length, as it were, during their formative years. When she married Hans von Bülow in her twentieth year she devoted herself whole-heartedly to his advancement. She was his veritable helpmate, aiding him in his battles for the "new music" which he performed as virtuoso and conductor, and encouraging his ambition as a composer.

Although she discovered that the composer in him would never come forth fully because of weak inspiration, she showed no wavering until the hour when her intuitions crystallized into the realization that a greater man than Von Bülow needed her. Once the decision was made, there was no hesitation before the pains of action; where her devotion was placed, there was her heart also. With the story of her almost incredible abrogation of self before the demands of a genius from whose character affection could never cast out irritation and peevishness, the greater part of these two volumes is concerned.

While society scornfully condemned her for her treatment of Von Bülow, she served humbly the master she had chosen, outwardly indifferent both to the obloquy of the world and to the bitter tongue of her tyrant. In her diaries she set down the sufferings of spirit that she endured, and one can now read therein the full measure of the cup she drank. A single incident must suffice here. On the day that Wagner completed the scoring of "Götterdämmerung," Cosima saw the manuscript on his table but refrained from speaking about it because he had complained the previous day about being overstrained and tired.

In order to distract him, I tossed him a letter I had just received from my father. . . . He was hurt, and told me that "Götterdämmerung" was finished, remarking bitterly that when a letter of Liszt's came, all interest in himself vanished. During the midday meal I concealed my suffering, but when Richard repeated his harsh complaints later, I could not help bursting into tears, and I am still weeping as I write this.

And so I have been robbed of this supreme joy, but not by the stirring of any bad motives within me. The fact that I have dedicated my life to this work in suffering has not won me the right to celebrate its completion with joy. Therefore I celebrate it with pain—I consecrate this exalted wonderful work with my tears and thank the eternal God who has laid upon me the burden of being the first to expiate this completion by my suffering. To whom can I tell my pain, to whom lament it? With Richard I can only keep silence. I will confide it to these pages; they may teach my son to cherish no anger, no hatred, but boundless pity for that most pitiful creature, **man**.

In Richard and Cosima Wagner destiny brought together two complements—the complete egoist and the complete altruist; the one found an obscure satisfaction in inflicting pain, the other in enduring it. Of the two, the egoist is the more helpless. We now know what has long been suspected—that without Cosima, Richard Wagner would have met spiritual disaster in mid-career. In giving us this certainty, the Graf du Moulin-



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*History of Cooperative News-Gathering in the United States.*

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**M**R. ROSEWATER has made a most elaborate and valuable study of the history of news-gathering organizations in the United States, and he has brought together a number of very interesting new facts about the origins of the various news services. He even includes a review of what he calls the supplemental services, such as David Lawrence's Consolidated Press Association and the radical Federated Press's Labor News Service. Even the work of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency and its Daily Bulletin are herein described. Having been himself, like his father, an editor of prominence, he has had much personal experience to draw upon. In addition, the files of some of the leading newspapers and libraries and the remarkable collection of books and clippings on journalism gathered by the late Professor Lucy Salmon of Vassar have helped him. Altogether, he has rather thoroughly covered the period which he himself describes as one in which news-gathering has grown from rowboat to radio.

Naturally, one turns first of all to his story of the Associated Press. While his story is in no sense meant to be a critical review he has set forth the facts and let them speak for themselves, as they often significantly do—as in the matter of the right of the Associated Press to discipline its members. He has faithfully recorded the various changes in that organization, in its ideals, its news service, its definition of what constitutes news and the function of a news association; and he ends with the appearance on the scene of Kent Cooper, the present general manager, untrammelled by previous traditions. He is not unaware of the regrettable tendency of the association constantly to reflect its directors, and he details at some length the revolt within the association against the small privileged class of bond-holding members which, from the outset, was in a position to monopolize the voting power. He naturally comments upon the curious fact that the demand for revocation of these special privileges should "have led the members into voting themselves as a whole the same privileges." He also points out the striking fact that the revolt against limited rights within the association to protest against the election of new members within a certain territory already occupied by members, in turn led to the protested rights being extended to one and all. As a result, instead of becoming easier to gain admission, it has become more difficult. In other words, the Associated Press has made it impossible for anyone to get in unless protest rights of existing members are waived. Mr. Rosewater clearly sees that this "tighter shutting of the door to Associated Press service must further and stimulate" the tendency to consolidation and extermination of dailies which is one of the most marked developments in the newspaper world today.

Especially valuable is Mr. Rosewater's summary of the development of the legal rights of the Associated Press, its meeting of the charge of monopoly brought against it, and its establishment of its right of property in news. Altogether, this book takes its place as a standard reference volume, and it will be placed on the shelves alongside the critical studies of the various news-gathering services.

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## Books in Brief

*Every Mother's Son.* By Norman Lindsay. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$2.

Norman Lindsay, the Australian artist, has written a first novel of adolescence which is so human, so engaging, so brilliant that it challenges comparison with Tarkington. But Mr. Lindsay's young people are of a different sort from Mr. Tarkington's. One might say that Mr. Lindsay does for the adolescent mind what Richard Hughes does for the child's mind in "The Innocent Voyage." Tarkington's young people are almost perfectly rendered. He is a master. But Lindsay writes of young Australians who are not quite so infantile, so anemic, so childish. Given an Old World setting his Robert might have written verses of merit instead of the imitative doggerel which is so perfectly woven into Robert's expression of himself. Robert wavers between the high realms of poetry and the equally enticing low society of his town friends, with whom he smokes and drinks beer and keeps a weather eye on all the town girls who look promising. And the story and portrait of his sister Helen, the quiet girl who early becomes familiarized with the art and technique of youthful love, is extraordinarily well projected. The book is a delight to one who knows whereof Mr. Lindsay speaks. To others it cannot help offering entertainment.

*Tales from the Argentine.* Edited with a Foreword by Waldo Frank. Translated from the Spanish by Anita Brenner. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.50.

It is good to learn from the publishers that "Tales from the Argentine" is the first of many books from South America to be published under the authoritative editorship of Waldo Frank. The present volume includes a careful selection of stories from the pens of Payró, Lugones, Lopez, Sarmiento, Güiraldes, and Quiroga. All these writers, many of whom were political journalists, belong to an Argentina that is passing, to a land still untraversed and barbarian, untouched on the one hand by imperialist incursions from the north, and on the other by aesthetic innovations from Paris. Here are graphically drawn pictures of the gaucho before the picaresque had been squeezed out of him by big-business agriculture; of the war between the Unitarios and the Federales out of which strode the bloody figure of Rosas; of the small, melancholy country towns, unmindful of the airplane to come; of the jungle, gashed by enormous rivers, almost virgin of the footsteps of man. The difficult job of translation is beautifully managed by Anita Brenner; and Mr. Frank's notes and introduction are highly informing. Anyone interested in the intense, important life of the Argentine will hasten to peruse this book, and will await with eagerness Mr. Frank's promised volume of tales by the newer men.

*Dartmouth Verse.* 1930. Hanover, N. H.: The Arts. \$2.

This anthology of undergraduate poetry has the usual range of subjects and treatments. Some of the verse included is over literary and some is eccentric. The young poets have such purely personal aversions as "licorice and onions fried," and are given to the use of such trite lines as "love and hope and little wisps of dreams." One or two interesting tendencies may be discerned: the desire to write about the city and modern life, and, in one case at least, the use of exacting verse form for personal expression, a turn in general agreement with the times. There are some very good sonnets and lyrics by William Kimball Flaccus. Vernon Michael Welsh and W. S. Siferd have contributed poems interesting for their originality of subject matter.



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**Drama**  
**Joe Cook**

**A**N old hand at theatergoing ought certainly never to find himself as puzzled as this one was on his visit to the new Joe Cook show the other night, when by chance his eye fell on the first page of the program: namely, by whether a Joe Cook show is just a Joe Cook show, or is actually as much of a collaboration as the announcements would seem to show.

It is familiar enough to the ear of most New Yorkers to hear "Joe Cook is playing at so-and-so," or "Joe Cook has just opened" somewhere else, and all that, but it would seem very unfamiliar to hear, merely, for example, "Shall we go to see 'Fine and Dandy'?" which is the current Cook background. For myself, I said, "Well, I'll go around and see Joe Cook before I write this piece." But as I happened in a little early, and somebody gave me a program, I read as follows: "Morris Green and Lewis E. Gensler present Joe Cook in 'Fine and Dandy,' Book by Donald Ogden Stewart, Music by Kay Swift, Lyrics by Paul James, Many Nonsensical Moments created by Joe Cook, Entire Production directed by Morris Green, Settings by Henry Dreyfus, Costumes designed by Charles LeMaire, Dialogue directed by Frank McCoy, Dances by Dave Gould and Tom Nip, Routine of Abbott Dancers directed by Merriell Abbott," and so on; and then an enormous cast.

Rubbish, I said to myself, all that is here needed is "Joe Cook at this theater (which is the Erlanger, by the way), in a few nonsensical moments created by himself." But after the whole thing got under way, I wasn't so sure. I wondered if perhaps I hadn't often been misled in the theater by the effectiveness of the coworkers in making their star seem so reminding of "when only one is shining in the sky." Well, Joe Cook was perfectly marvelous, and the show was perfectly beautiful, and often exciting and pleasing even in the absence of Cook, so I didn't come to any conclusions.

I know that six months from now I shall still remember Cook playing with the telephones, and dancing with the high-school horses, and puttering around with gadgets. I won't probably remember anything else much. But in spite of his well-remembered, well-beloved hour in vaudeville, years back, when his aids were few or none, I think it is possible that "Fine and Dandy" counts heavily in his favor, and that the long list on the program is really an honor roll.

There is one tow-headed youngster in his company who is unquestionably a great help, and I think her name is Nell O'Day. She is the one who dances, in the pink dress, with a vigorous collection of young men who, I think, are the Tommy Atkins Sextet. Musical-comedy programs may give you food for thought, but they give you subsidiary information with a grudging hand.

All the good wishes in the world couldn't quite carry "Mr. Gilhooly" over the top on Tuesday night at the Broadhurst Theater, though the applause was gusty and genuine for the players. It is Jed Harris's production of Frank Elser's adaptation of Liam O'Flaherty's novel, with Helen Hayes and Arthur Sinclair starred, and Maire O'Neill tucked away in a tiny part. "Mr. Gilhooly" just wouldn't jell. It had a good many things in it that make a play better than the average—in fact it had too many of them. But they were mostly wasted. There was altogether too much emotion in it, seeing that none of it traveled in the same direction for five minutes on end. However, here is a profound hope that it will run long enough for all the persons who love good acting to see Miss Hayes and Mr. Sinclair.

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- †One, Two, Three—Miller—43 St., E. of B'way.
- \*Symphony in Two Flats—Shubert—44 St., W. of B'way.
- †That's Gratitude—John Golden—W. 58 St.
- †The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
- \*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
- †The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
- †The Second Little Show—Royale—45 St., W. of B'way.
- \*Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.

**FIRST NIGHTS**

- Civic Repertory—14 St., W. of Sixth Ave.
- Marigold—49 St.—W. of B'way.
- Stepdaughters of War—Empire—B'way and 40 St.

**DISCUSSION**

- Dr. A. A. Brill—Sex Life and Proper Living—Sunday afternoon,  
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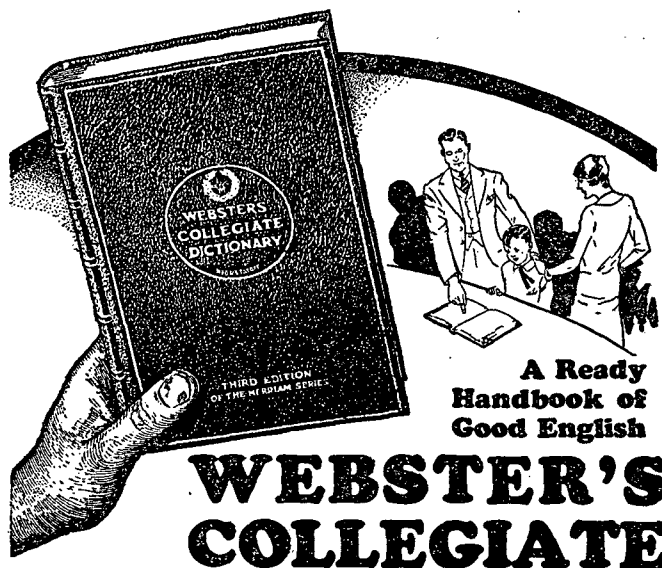
**FILMS**

- Anybody's Woman, Beginning Oct. 11; Romance, Beginning Oct. 15—Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.
- Atlantic, English Version—Cohan Theater—44 St. and B'way.
- Atlantic, German Version—55 St. Playhouse—E. of Seventh Ave.
- News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
- Outward Bound—Hollywood—B'way and 51 St.
- Rasputin—Fifth Ave. Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.
- Storm Over Asia—Eighth St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
- The White Hell of Pitz Palu—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.

**CONCERTS**

- Argentina—Town Hall—Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings; Oct. 14, 16, 17 at 8:30.
- Florence Easton—Carnegie Hall—Oct. 13, evening.
- Philharmonic Symphony, Erich Kleiber, Conductor, evenings; Thursday, Oct. 9, 16, Saturday, Oct. 11, 18, at 8:45.
- Afternoons: Friday, Oct. 10, 17 at 2:30 and Sunday, Oct. 12, 19, at 3:00.
- Ruggiero Ricci—Carnegie—Friday evening, Oct. 17.
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## Films

### The Grafted Narrative

**A**LTHOUGH a great deal of the danger in which characters in screen thrillers are so frequently found is nothing but screen illusion, there is no denying the purely physical appeal of such a record of Alpine adventure as "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" (Cameo). Here nature itself is alive with drama as it bares its gaping abysses, rises in towering walls of ice, or breaks into the fury of blizzards and avalanches. Added to this there is a visual loveliness that casts a sweet enchantment even over the perils of Alpine mountaineering, or at least so it appears to one ensconced in a comfortable chair as he watches the Alpine glories so amazingly recorded in this German film. But of course, the wonders of the Alps do not make up the entire picture. It has a story, too—a rather juvenile affair of no particular consequence but good enough to do duty as the framework for the thrills of climbing a most formidable peak, and as the vehicle for fairly able acting.

There is one feature of this American version of the film that deserves special consideration. Like the recent film of Byrd's expedition to the South Pole, "The White Hell of Pitz Palu" is accompanied here and there by spoken narrative. Mr. McNamee, of radio fame, is the narrator in the present case, but his efforts, like those of Mr. Gibbons in the earlier film, never succeed in heightening the drama of the story. In fact, they rather detract from it. It must be admitted, of course, that the flights of both these narrators into lyrical and dramatic rhetoric are tinged, and rather heavily, with tabloid bathos. But it would be unfair to blame them alone for their failure.

The idea of a spoken narrative running parallel with the picture is not only legitimate in itself, but is also extremely promising as a novel cinematic form. It must be applied intelligently, however, and this implies a relationship between words and images that makes them inseparable from one another. It is said that in Japan silent pictures have always been explained to the audience in a highly dramatized comment supplied by a special and permanently employed actor. To a large extent this was an easy substitute for the foreign titles. But a silent picture, made as a silent picture, should hardly require such extraneous help. It is only when images are used to illustrate a spoken narrative that the combination of the two becomes natural, and it is only when pictures and words bear a close correspondence to one another that their joint use becomes effective. To be fully successful, however, this presupposes a new "hieroglyphic" technique of which Hollywood today has not the ghost of a notion.

One may not be inclined to accept "Outward Bound" (Hollywood) as a valuable contribution to religious or philosophic thought, for boiled down to its essentials it has singularly little to say, but it may be recommended as an entertaining fantasy that now and again rises to genuine pathos. Perhaps the most striking feature of the film is its well-sustained eeriness, however much is contributed to this effect by the hooting siren (alas, not without occasional slips into comicality). There is also some excellent acting in the picture, particularly by Mr. Leslie Howard and Miss Helen Chandler.

Another English play to find its way to the screen, "Young Woodley" (Cohan), has a sincerity and fresh naturalness about it that make it extremely attractive, although the story itself may seem to give a rather distorted perspective of the relation between youth and age. The film is well acted and is directed with considerable skill and sensitiveness.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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 Kootz, Samuel. *Modern American Painters*. Brewer and Warren. \$5.  
 Munro, Thomas. *Great Pictures of Europe*. Brentano's. \$3.50.  
 Ozenfant, Amédée. *Art*. Trans. E. Allen Ashburn. Brewer and Warren. \$5.  
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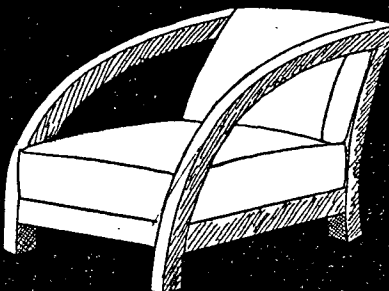
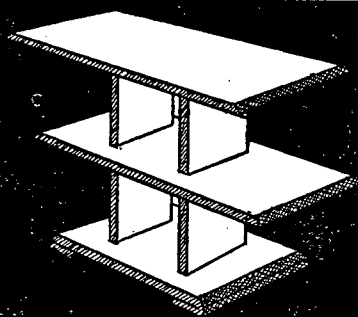
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- Adams, Henry. *The Letters of*. Edited Worthington C. Ford. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.  
 Addams, Jane. *The Second Twenty Years at Hull House*. Macmillan. \$4.  
 Balfour, Lord. *An Autobiography, 1848-1886*. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.  
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- Bright, John. *The Diaries of*. Edited R. A. J. Walling. Morrow. \$7.50.  
 Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. *Letters to Her Sister*. Edited Leonard Huxley. Dutton. \$5.  
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STATE OF NEW YORK } ss:  
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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry R. Mussey, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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